

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

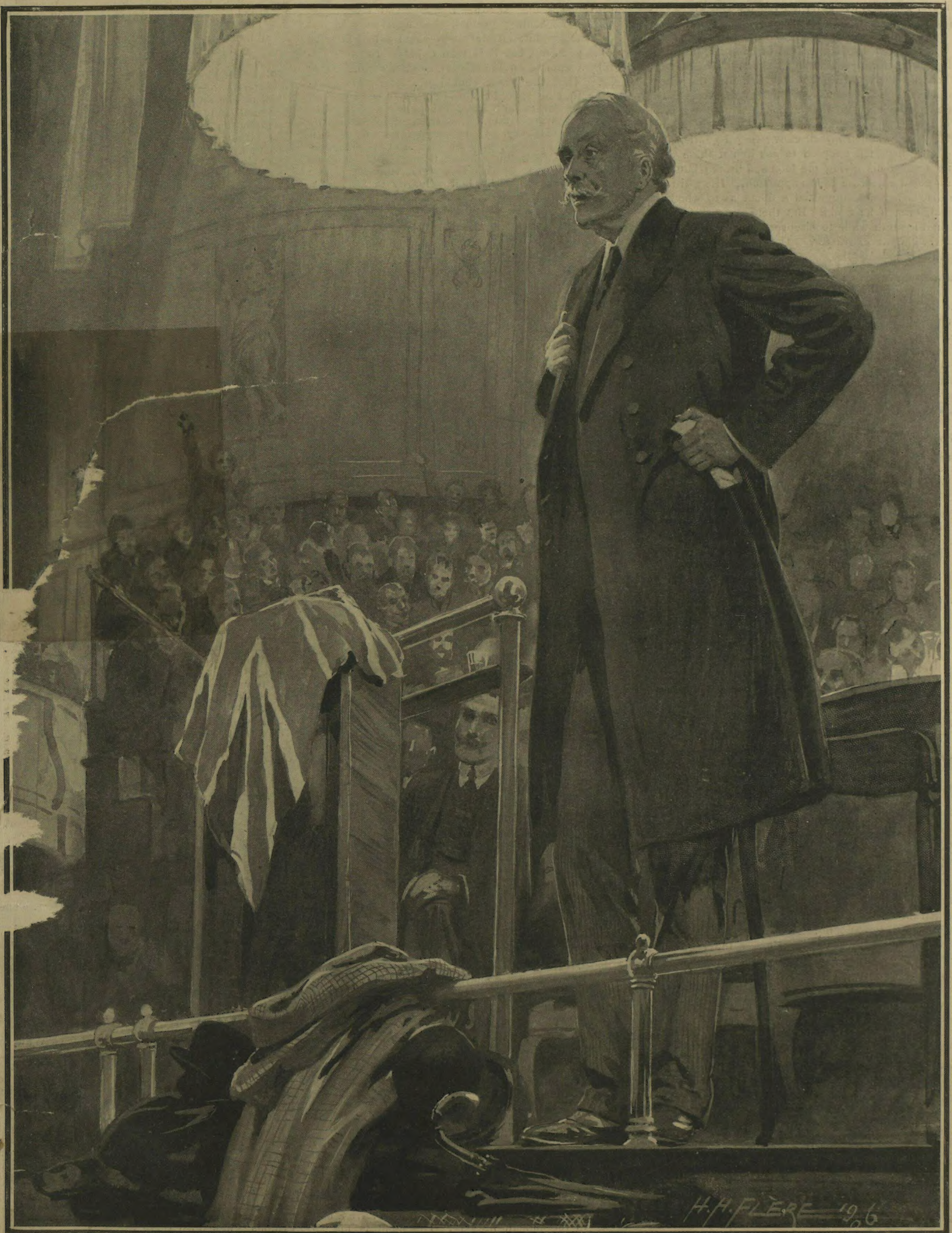
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SIXPENCE.

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MR. BALFOUR IN OPPOSITION: THE EX-PRIME MINISTER REVIVING THE HOME RULE BOGEY AT THE QUEEN'S HALL.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE.

"You know that it is part of the Government's policy to divide Ireland from Britain by giving her a separate executive responsible to a separate elected body. If the answer to that is in the affirmative, you have introduced Home Rule in the very form in which Mr. Gladstone desired to introduce it."—(From Mr. Balfour's speech.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERION.

MOST of us will be canvassed soon, I suppose; some of us may even canvass. Upon which side, of course, nothing will induce me to state, beyond saying that by a remarkable coincidence it will in every case be the only side in which a high-minded, public-spirited, and patriotic citizen can take even a momentary interest. But the general question of canvassing itself, being a non-party question, is one which we may be permitted to approach. The rules for canvassers are fairly familiar to anyone who has ever canvassed. They are printed on the little card which you carry about with you and lose. There is a statement, I think, that you must not offer a voter food or drink. However hospitable you may feel towards him in his own house, you must not carry his lunch about with you. You must not produce a veal cutlet from your tail-coat pocket. You must not conceal poached eggs about your person. You must not, like a kind of conjurer, produce baked potatoes from your hat. In short, the canvasser must not feed the voter in any way. Whether the voter is allowed to feed the canvasser, whether the voter may give the canvasser veal cutlets and baked potatoes, is a point of law on which I have never been able to inform myself. When I found myself canvassing a gentleman, I have sometimes felt tempted to ask him if there was any rule against his giving me food and drink; but the matter seemed a delicate one to approach. His attitude to me also sometimes suggested a doubt as to whether he would, even if he could. But there are voters who might find it worth while to discover if there is any law against bribing a canvasser. They might bribe him to go away.

The second veto for canvassers which was printed on the little card said that you must not persuade anyone to personate a voter. I have no idea what it means. To dress up as an average voter seems a little vague. There is no well-recognised uniform, as far as I know, with civic waistcoat and patriotic whiskers. The enterprise resolves itself into one somewhat similar to the enterprise of a rich friend of mine who went to a fancy-dress ball dressed up as a gentleman. Perhaps it means that there is a practice of personating some individual voter. The canvasser creeps to the house of his fellow-conspirator carrying a make-up in a bag. He produces from it a pair of white moustaches and a single eye-glass, which are sufficient to give the most commonplace person a startling resemblance to the Colonel at No. 80. Or he hurriedly affixes to his friend that large nose and that bald head which are all that is essential to an illusion of the presence of Professor Budger. I do not undertake to unravel these knots. I can only say that when I was a canvasser I was told by the little card, with every circumstance of seriousness and authority, that I was not to persuade anybody to personate a voter: and I can lay my hand upon my heart and affirm that I never did.

The third injunction on the card was one which seemed to me, if interpreted exactly and according to its words, to undermine the very foundations of our politics. It told me that I must not "threaten a voter with any consequence whatever." No doubt this was intended to apply to threats of a personal and illegitimate character; as, for instance, if a wealthy candidate were to threaten to raise all the rents or to put up a statue of himself. But as verbally and grammatically expressed, it certainly would cover those general threats of disaster to the whole community which are the main matter of political discussion. When a canvasser says that if the opposition candidate gets in the country will be ruined, he is threatening the voters with certain consequences. When the Free Trader says that if Tariffs are adopted the people in Brompton or Bayswater will crawl about eating grass, he is threatening them with consequences. When the Tariff Reformer says that if Free Trade exists for another year St. Paul's Cathedral will be a ruin and Ludgate Hill as deserted as Stonehenge, he is also threatening. And what is the good of being a Tariff Reformer if you can't say that? What is the use of being a politician or a Parliamentary candidate at all if one can't tell the people that if the other man gets in, England will be instantly invaded and enslaved, blood be pouring down the Strand, and all the English ladies carried off into harems. But these things are, after all, consequences, so to speak.

The majority of refined persons in our day may generally be heard abusing the practice of canvassing. In the same way the majority of refined persons (commonly the same refined persons) may be heard abusing the practice of interviewing celebrities. It seems a very singular thing to me that this refined world reserves all its indignation for the comparatively open and innocent element in both walks of life. There is really a vast amount of corruption and hypocrisy in our election politics; about the most honest thing in the whole mess is the canvassing. A man has not got a right to "nurse" a constituency with aggressive charities, to buy it with great presents of parks and libraries, to open vague vistas of future benevolence; all this, which

goes on unrebuked, is bribery and nothing else. But a man has got the right to go to another free man and ask him with civility whether he will vote for him. The information can be asked, granted, or refused without any loss of dignity on either side, which is more than can be said of a park. It is the same with the place of interviewing in journalism. In a trade where there are labyrinths of insincerity, interviewing is about the most simple and the most sincere thing there is. The canvasser, when he wants to know a man's opinions, goes and asks him. It may be a bore; but it is about as plain and straight a thing as he could do. So the interviewer, when he wants to know a man's opinions, goes and asks him. Again, it may be a bore; but, again, it is about as plain and straight as anything could be. But all the other real and systematic cynicisms of our journalism pass without being vituperated and even without being known—the financial motives of policy, the misleading posters, the suppression of just letters of complaint. A statement about a man may be infamously untrue, but it is read calmly. But a statement by a man to an interviewer is felt as indefensibly vulgar. That the paper should misrepresent him is nothing; that he should represent himself is bad taste. The whole error in both cases lies in the fact that the refined persons are attacking politics and journalism on the ground of vulgarity. Of course, politics and journalism are, as it happens, very vulgar. But their vulgarity is not the worst thing about them. Things are so bad with both that by this time their vulgarity is the best thing about them. Their vulgarity is at least a noisy thing; and their great danger is that silence that always comes before decay. The conversational persuasion at elections is perfectly human and rational; it is the silent persuasions that are utterly damnable. Secret thinking is spreading in our modern civilisation; and secret thinking is like secret drinking. A man, if he is to remain a healthy citizen in a healthy commonwealth, must not only learn to drink with others (a most essential point of public virtue), he must not only learn to talk with others, to sing with others, to dance with others, to fight and work with others; he must learn to think with others, to think, not necessarily in agreement with them, but openly and in front of them, always to get his thoughts, popular or unpopular, into social circulation. Otherwise he will become a consistent individualist; that is, a madman. Talking to oneself is, I believe, considered a sign of lunacy. Thinking to oneself is most certainly a sign of it.

It is an entire mistake to suppose that the canvasser is generally received with disgust or anger by the average citizen. I have always myself been astounded by the patience and politeness of householders in this matter. I have walked through streets and terraces and cities apparently entirely stocked with amiable people, until I began to feel quite uncanny and think that I was in elfland or in a dream. Of course, it depends on how the thing is done. Of course, there are people who are quite unbearable when they come to canvass you. But there are people who would be quite unbearable if they came with your long-lost child in one hand and a present of forty pounds in the other. The thing can be done with the courtesy of a free man, or with the horrible vulgarity of a philanthropist. To ask a man for his vote as a favour is, of course, a vile thing. But to ask him for his opinion as a favour is entirely legitimate: and most practical and utilitarian canvassing resolves itself into asking rather for the man's opinion than for the man's vote. The canvasser comes rather to reconnoitre the ground than to conquer it; he aims rather at knowing the proportion of his friends and enemies for future operations than at immediately and individually endeavouring to alter that proportion. Above all, of course, he is hunting for the half-converted man—the man who is worth arguing with. When he sees him, he bursts into tears of joy and pulls out forty-three pamphlets. But the legend of his pestering the common and convinced citizen (except, as I said before, in bad individual cases) is almost always a legend only. The notion that a man comes and, learning that you are (say) a Conservative, sits down on your doorstep and argues about Cleon and the French Revolution until he has made you a Radical, is manifestly wild and improbable in any practical system. Even a politician is not such a fool as to think that he can alter the lifelong convictions of every man of forty-five by ratiocinating at his front gate, with the milkman and the postman. From the convinced opponent the canvasser vanishes with a prudent speed. From the convinced supporter he flies even more rapidly; in fact, in an election one treats one's convinced supporters with the most hearty and boisterous contempt. No; as I say, the only character over whom the canvasser ever really lingers is the man who is, or who professes to be, in genuine political doubt. In short the much-abused canvasser only canvasses the waverer. He only wants to talk to the rare and very eccentric citizen who really wants to talk to him.

But it cannot be too often emphasised that nowhere is politeness more required than in this half-demagogic politics. I have never been able to understand why democracy should be mixed up coarseness and familiarity. Equality is the basis of all morality. But why should it mean that all men should be equally rude? Why should it not mean that all men should be equally ceremonious? Why should some leaders call each other Tom, Dick, and Harry? That is not equality; it is only conscientious bad manners. Equality means that every man should be revered like a king. To talk to a stranger as if you had known him all your life is simply to show that you have a bad attitude to the human mystery. The point is not so much that familiarity breeds contempt. It is rather that nothing except contempt can breed familiarity.

PLAYS AND PANTOMIMES

"BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

THE artless sentiment and Scotch-speaking characters of "Ian Maclaren's" kailyard fiction show up far from favourably under the ruthless glare of the footlights. All the hackneyed conventions on which this none too subtle novelist relies for his effects are cruelly exposed in the playhouse; and his Puritanical father who turns a sinful-seeming girl-child out of doors and then bursts into tears, and his young Scotch lord who loves the old shepherd's daughter honestly but conceals their engagement, as well as the hidden witness who conveniently overhears a declaration of Lord Ronald's, which is equivalent to a Scotch marriage, plainly belong to the old-fashioned stage-world of unreality that has long since been discarded in our theatre. Then, too, the new St. James's play is as formal in structure as it is unsophisticated in sentiment, artificial in situation. Just as we are developing small interest in the romantic relations of Flora Campbell and her high-born lover, they are switched out of our view, and we are asked to transfer our attention to another couple—wealthy Kate Carnegie and her diffident minister-suitors—or to wax sympathetic over the solitary grief of the stern parent, old Lachlan Campbell. The resultant impressions are those of endless loquacity, lachrymose gloom, and a series of disconnected episodes. Not all the gallant fervour of Mr. Ainley and the pretty charm of Miss Braithwaite as one set of lovers, the piquancy of Miss Lettice Fairfax and the manliness of Mr. Frank Cooper as the other pair, nor Mollison's impressive study of the dour old shepherd or Mr. Alec Thompson's quaint sketch of a gossiping postman, can disguise the hopeless naivete of this "Bonnie Brier Bush" adaptation.

"THE TEMPEST" REVIVED AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

In his sumptuous revival of "The Tempest," Mr. Tree offers such a combination of spectacle, music, ballet, and pantomime as surely makes an ideal holiday entertainment. And along with all these are thrown in Shakspeare himself and the acting of the company at His Majesty's. Truth to tell, the gorgeous setting of the Bard's fantasy does rather overshadow both the play and its interpretation. But Mr. Tree's most interesting and imaginative rendering of Caliban belongs to its own against its scenic surroundings; and Lionel Brough's splendidly comic Trinculo, Miss Julia Tree's sprightly Ariel, Mr. Basil Gill's picturesque Ferdinand, and Mr. Lynn Harding's resonant Prospero are very welcome features of the revival.

OTHER REVIVALS AT THE NEW, TERRY'S,
AND WYNDHAM'S.

The pictorial opportunities afforded by scenes which contrast the English Court under the Regency and France under (stage-conceived) Revolutionaries, the desperate adventures into which the insouciant English hero of the story is plunged in his daring rescues of French aristocrats, and the sentimental passages between this Quixote and his wife, in which alienation gradually gives place to affection, all make "The Scarlet Pimpernel" one of those flamboyant and bustling romantic melodramas that are always dear to the heart of the unsophisticated playgoer. This piece, therefore, was welcomed heartily last week on its revival at the New Theatre, the more so as its two leading rôles are so nicely pointed as to show Mr. Fred Terry and his wife, Miss Julia Neilson, to great personal and histrionic advantage. In consequence of these two players' long-arranged-for reappearance, Sir Charles Wyndham has had to vacate the New Theatre, but he has found another home for "Captain Diew on Leave" at Wyndham's, and there re-presented on Monday Mr. H. H. Davies's play, he himself, Miss Mary Moore, and Miss Marion Terry resuming the rôles so cleverly devised for them. Another revival of the season is that of the favourite old farce, "Charley's Aunt," at Terry's, in which the author, Mr. Brandon Thomas, takes up his original rôle and Mr. Stanley Cooke makes an admirable substitute for Mr. Penley.

"NOAH'S ARK," AT THE WALDORF.

"Noah's Ark," at the Waldorf, makes a very suitable and novel children's entertainment. The story, which describes a dream wherein two children find their dolls endowed with life and carried away by the Pirate King to the Cannibal Islands, is exciting enough and as original as recollections of "Peter Pan" allow it to be. The stage-management of pirates, children, and cannibals is really admirably effective; the music is fairly melodious and not without its humorous touches; while Miss Madge Lessing as a bewitching girl-child and Mr. Harry Paulton as the truculent pirate-doll throw themselves heart and soul into the world of Wonderland.

"WHITTINGTON" AT HAMMERSMITH, KENNINGTON,
AND PECKHAM.

Handsome spectacle, plenty of fun and song and dancing, and a wise adherence to tradition are the sufficient recommendations of the "Dick Whittington" pantomime at the King's, Hammersmith. Of the stage-pictures it is hard to say whether views of Highgate Hill and Wapping Old Stairs or elaborate settings of a Morocco palace and a Guildhall fête are more effective, while the principal flower-ballet is run very close by a dainty bell-dance. Of the leading performers Miss Carlotta Levey proves a vivacious sweetheart of the pretty Alice of Miss Maude Noel; and Messrs. Harry Rogerson and Frank Spencer furnish some very clever burlesque acting. Equally refined and picturesque is Mr. Arthur's "Whittington" pantomime at the Kennington Theatre. Here again Highgate and Wapping are artistically portrayed; here, too, are charming ballets, notably one of woodland nymphs; here also there are a dashing Dick and an attractive heroine (Miss Hetty King and Miss Isobelle Dillon respectively). But the fun is the strong point at

Kennington. Who could help laughing at the unforced drollery of Mr. Frank Lester's family cook, "Mrs. Desiccated Edwards," or fail to enjoy the antics of Mr. le Franc's "Mouser"? Children will revel in this wonderful Cat's exploits.—Another sumptuously staged and most rollicking pantomime is that of the Crown, Peckham, which may boast of a particularly strong company, including as this does that sprightly actress, Miss Claire Romaine, as Whittington; Mr. Edwin Boyde, whose burlesque methods make his Idle Apprentice a very diverting fellow; Mr. Fred Eastman, always a sound comedian, and various other amusing folk besides.

THE CORONET "CINDERELLA" AND CAMDEN "BABES."

Continually pleasing to the eye, scrupulously faithful to the old nursery legend, and full of bright dances, attractive songs, and wholesome fun, the Coronet's dainty version of "Cinderella" can hold its own against any rivals. It presents, for instance, in its rose garden and fairy fête a perfectly dazzling display of beautifully harmonised colours; it has in Miss Ruby Forbes as winsome a representative of Cinderella as could possibly be desired, while its group of comedians, consisting of Mr. Ernest Shand, a jester in page's guise whose humorous resources seem endless, Mr. H. C. Barry, and Mr. John Brabourne would do credit to any West-End playhouse.—At the Camden Theatre, "The Babes in the Wood" story forms the subject of this year's pantomime, and the unaffected naturalness of little Madge and Dorothy McCalla in the title-roles, the excruciatingly bold bad villainy of the Poluski Brothers as the two Robbers, here renamed "Bonny Beaucaire" and "Sunny Jim," and the genial jollity of Mr. John Coyle as the wicked Baron, and Mr. Arthur Rigby as a Nurse, are the chief features of a most agreeable entertainment, which has also its pretty scenery, music, and dances.

TWO OTHER SUBURBAN PANTOMIMES.

As is appropriate with such a nursery subject as that of "Red Riding Hood's" history, a graceful version of which is staged at the Grand, Fulham, youthful performers play no small part in the production. The heroine, for instance, has a child representative in Miss Hanid Alexander, who sings, acts, and dances without a trace of self-consciousness, and to pair off with her there is a boy comedian, Little Cliff, whose comic talent is innate. Their grown-up associates include a picturesque Boy Blue in Miss Madeline Du Val, and sundry quaint comedians.—If Mr. Purcell's "Forty Thieves" pantomime at the Marlborough, Holloway, had no other claim to distinction, its brilliant cast would provoke comment. A company which numbers in its ranks Miss Stella Gastelle, the "star" of more than one delightful comic opera; Mr. Tom Leamore, who has a host of good songs, as Ali Baba; as well as such a nimble dancer as Mr. O. E. Lonnen, and so practised a comedian as Mr. Maitland Marler, need fear few comparisons. But the piece has all the other requisites of popular pantomime, including admirable stage-settings.

THE PALACE "JUST THE THING" MATINEES.

The Palace "Just the Thing" matinees, which were started on Boxing Day, justify their title. The chief item of the programme is a bright little extravaganza, "Moonshine," written by Mr. E. Baynes and composed by Mr. H. Finck, which shows the revels of the pupils of a boys' school and a neighbouring girls' seminary. The damsels, otherwise the Palace Girls, prove themselves capable of dancing that insidious and most modern of dances, "La Maxixe"; Miss Ruth Lincoln warbles a couple of songs extremely prettily; and some capital fun is provided by Messrs. Arthur Prince and W. J. Manning. The youngsters should enjoy this sprightly little piece.

UNEMPLOYED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. MIGGS."

STANDING behind a chair which displayed in front a large bill announcing a gigantic procession of the unemployed, a little man with a white, eager face was addressing a crowd of men of somewhat similar appearance. He declared himself to be a stonemason out of employment, and secretary of a particular organisation of the unemployed. Casting about in his mind for some means to allay the general distress, it had suddenly occurred to him that the Church Army was offering work to those who chose to accept it.

"Well, mates," he said, "it seem to me as there was no 'arm, at least, in trying to see what come of it, and I'm ere to-d'y to tell you what 'appened. The Secretary of the Church Army Horganisation say that he offer three shillings a d'y three d'ys a week to them which was willing to work. I called on him. Says he, 'How many men have you got?' 'I've got sixteen,' I says. 'Well,' he says, 'here's a horder for twenty.' I suppose he thought I might pick up four more on the road. I put meself at the 'ead of me men and off we goes. Arriving at our destination we gets tickets for work—but not for that d'y—for next d'y, if you please. There was a d'y lost. And when we looks at our tickets we find it was piece-work. It come out like this: One bob a d'y for the man, one for the missis, and threepence each for the kids. To get your three bob a d'y you must have a wife and four kids. If you had no kids you only got two bob; and if you hadn't a wife you got no work. Now, I call it a disgrace. Not even trade-union prices. Sooner nor work on them terms I'd starve. You don't find me building up the fee-nances of the Church Army on sich rotten foundations. But some of 'em went next d'y, and they tell me the work was cruel hard—cutting up wood which ain't employment for a self-respectin' artisan. That's what they call giving employment to the unemployed. Now, I ain't a grumbler by nature. All I ask is work at trade-union prices; and I s'y without fear of contradiction it is the duty of

the Borough Councils to provide us with work. I won't s'y any more at present, but will call on Comrade Billings to address a few words."

Comrade Billings, who wore an extremely aged collar, and who for the sake of effect, doubtless, had neglected to wash himself for a week, took up his position behind the chair, and for a few seconds regarded his audience in stony silence. Apparently Billings was an orator who played for effect. He began in a low voice. "My friends," he said, "I agree with what my co-league has said, but I'm going a step futher for'ard. In my hand I hold a paper which is said to voice the feelin's of the working-man. Mr. Editor has wrap up what he says in sich a way as to make me want to wrap him up in his own paper and light the fire with it. He says that to ask the Borough Councils or the Imperial House to give us employment is to destroy our independence. What an argyment! Do we ask the Borough Councils for work because we love 'em? We ask 'em for work because we can't help it. I want work, and I mean to get it. Is everybody to get work excep' the British working-man? Is the Chinese to take the bread out of our mouths and leave us to starve? Why can't they send us out to work the mines?"

At this point the orator became so excited that the police began to move through the crowd, which dispersed quietly enough. After a little search I discovered the two orators carrying away the chair which had served them as a pulpit. Approaching them casually I complimented both on their speeches; but intimated that I should like to ask them a few questions.

"Will you tell me," I said, "what kind of work the Borough Councils ought to provide for the unemployed? If you cannot find work for yourselves how should others know better than you how to find employment?"

"Where there's a will there's a way," said the Secretary sententiously.

"I don't hold with that," said Billings. "There ain't always a way, however willing you are. But if the population is too big for the work which is to be had, then let the Imperial House send us where there is room for us. And there's room on the land."

"Very good," I replied. "Now, will you answer me another question, and I am done? There are thousands of unemployed, and yet one never hears of a case of death from starvation. The great majority of the unemployed manage to keep a roof above their heads and to get enough to eat, so that they continue to live with their wives and children. How is all that managed?"

"Would you like to try?" said Billings, with some thing like a snarl. "You can live on bread and water for fourpence a day, and the rent means three bob a week. Well, the wife can make that as often as not, and some of the kids may bring in a little. But the point is that the man wants work and can't get it."

"Do you mean that a family can live on less than ten shillings a week?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "if you call it living; and often on less."

"Then why refuse the offer of the Church Army of nine shillings a week?" I asked.

"It ain't trade-union prices," he answered sullenly.

"Still, it might tide over the evil day," I replied.

"Much you know about it," was all the answer I got; and I was left alone still pondering curiously the problem of the unemployed.

The SS. *Inkosi*, of the Aberdeen (Rennie) Line, which arrived in London from Natal and East Africa on Saturday last, has completed her first voyage since she was fitted with the Marconi apparatus. She reports having spoken with her sister-ship *Inanda* and various war-ships during the voyage, and she received messages from the great Marconi station at Poldhu, Cornwall, as far South as 24 deg. 36 min. N., a distance of 1620 miles. News received by wireless telegraphy was reported by the steamer in Las Palmas before being received by the ordinary cable route, and altogether the installation has proved itself a great success. The SS. *Inkosi* sails again for South Africa on the 10th inst.

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THE UBIQUITY OF THE TOURIST: VISITORS IN A SOUDANESE VILLAGE.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



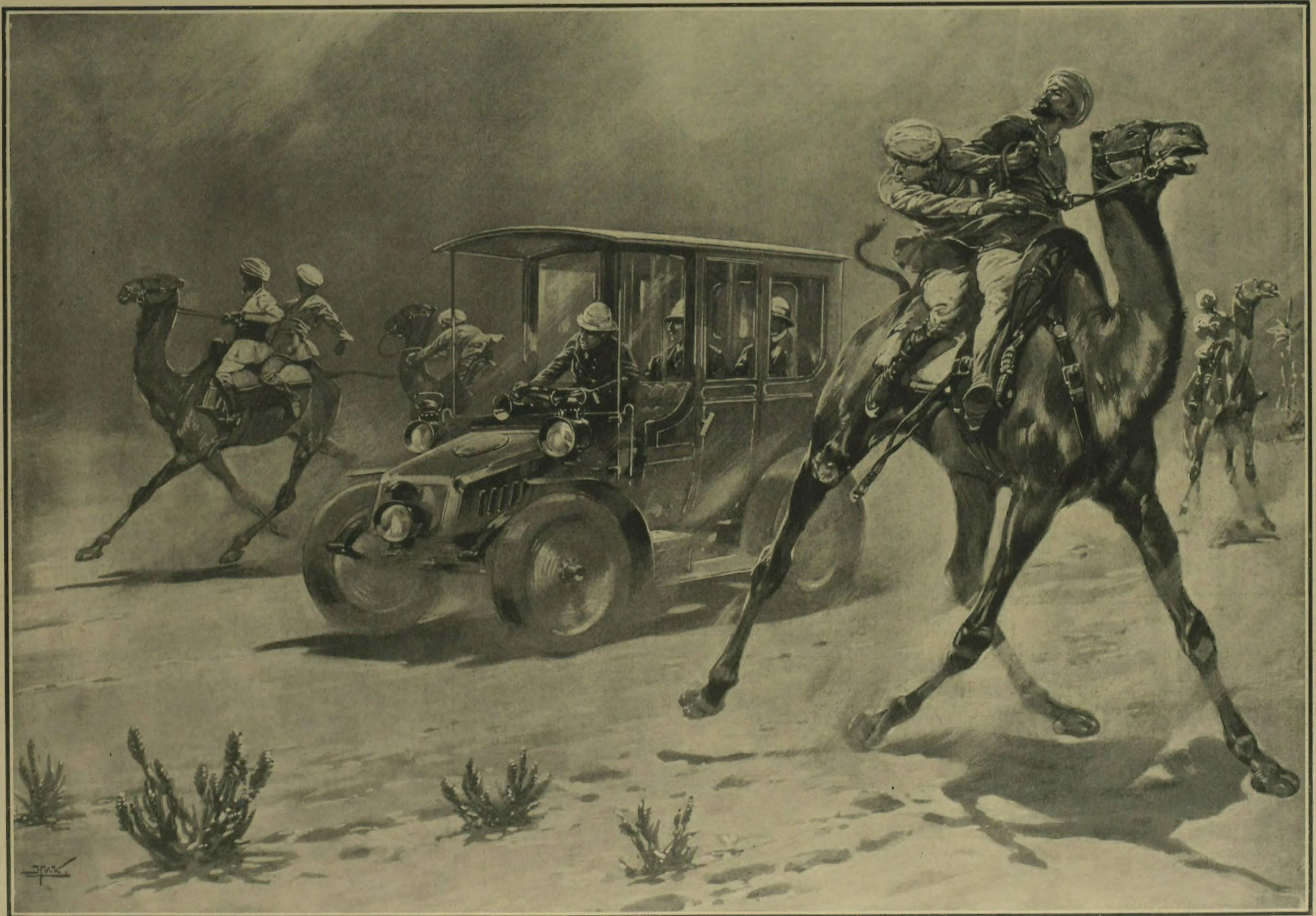
TOURISTS IN A SHILLUK VILLAGE ON THE SOBAT RIVER.

The Nile steamers are now making even Central Africa accessible to the ubiquitous tourist, and the Soudanese villagers are becoming accustomed to the wonderful apparition of pleasure-seeking travellers, with their inevitable camera and their

aggressively patronising interest in everything unfamiliar. The Sobat River falls into the White Nile at no great distance from Fashoda, memorable for its occupation by Major Marchand, who yielded to Lord Kitchener's gentle persuasion.

THE NEW LOCOMOTION SCARES THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE MOTOR-CAR IN THE DESERT: AN INCIDENT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TOUR IN INDIA.

During the Prince of Wales's visit to Bikanir the royal party stayed for several days at a hunting camp at Gajner, and Gajner, and our Artist saw a camel very much startled by the new locomotion. The Prince began his stay at some twenty-five miles from the town. There was a frequent service of motor-cars across the desert between Bikanir

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

Election Oratory.

Both parties are lightening the toil of listening to serious election speeches by singing the most wonderful doggerel ballads. The fashion was set at the Liberal meeting at the Albert Hall, and it was imitated by the other side at the Queen's Hall when Mr. Balfour made his first London speech in opposition. Stimulated by a recitation of which the choicest lines were—

And if Englishmen do their duty as they did on Trafalgar Day,
We'll send Balfour back to Downing Street with a note that
he's come to stay,

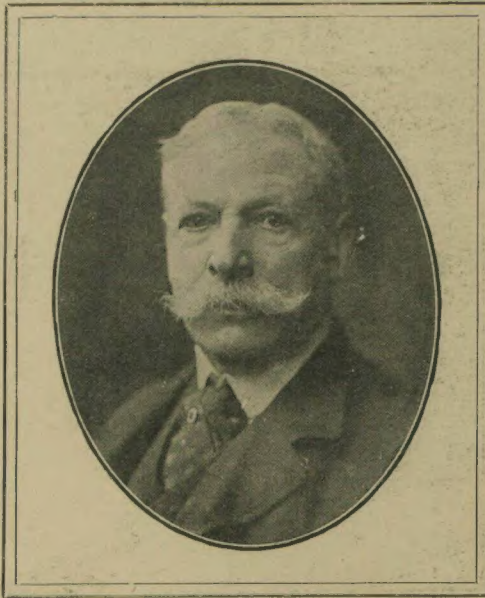
the audience heard with enthusiasm the ex-Prime Minister's account of the situation. The three heads of his discourse were Home Rule, Education, and Fiscal Reform. Under the first, he denied that the Unionist Party was raising up a Home Rule bogey in order to obscure the issue. The Government's policy, he said, was to divide Ireland from Britain by giving her a separate executive responsible to a separate elected body, and if the country should agree to that it would have introduced Home Rule in the very form in which it was proposed by Mr. Gladstone. On the question of education, Mr. Balfour said that the present Government would find that their task of obstructing the existing Education Act was easier than the finding of a conciliatory policy. The children, he said, should receive the religious teaching their parents desired, and his answer to the cry of local control was that the pupils were not the children of the locality or of the local authority, but of their parents—a theory with which even the Government will be inclined to agree. Mr. Balfour was applauded by the meeting when he declared that the banishment of religious teaching from the elementary schools could only discourage religion. The question of first importance for Unionists, he believed to be Tariff Reform. He would not minimise its difficulties, and he went so far as to admit that it was not as easy as A B C, but that did not prove that the task was not worth undertaking. This pronouncement, we are told, was received with plaudits that made the roof ring.

At the annual dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' and Silversmiths' Association, Mr. Chamberlain reviewed the crisis. He asked his hearers if they could face the effulgent blaze of this new Government of all the talents and of all the virtues, which had not in the course of three weeks ceased to wonder at its own perfections, ceased to be surprised that it is sitting where it is, and that it has at last obtained the position that it has coveted for so long. Mr. Chamberlain took shame to himself

Newcastle Programme with one important omission—it says nothing about ending the House of Lords. There must be no running away from the Fiscal question. Mr. Chamberlain scouted the idea that he, who had staked

was not in favour of granting a separate and independent Parliament to Ireland.

Our Portraits.



Photo, Walter Barnett.

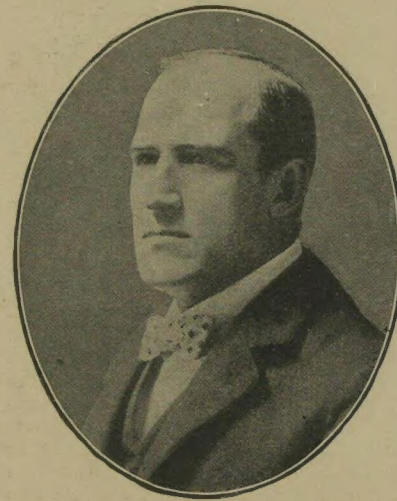
THE LATE MR. C. T. YERKES.

Who Electrified the London Railways.

whatever might be left in him of power and energy, who had given up office in order to secure what he believes is an eminently necessary reform, almost essential for the prosperity of the country and the union of the Empire, that he, forsooth, was going to run away from it! The exchange of trade with Germany is against us by twenty-one millions, five hundred thousand pounds. Was the country to rest satisfied with that? In conclusion he said that he had noticed and passed by with scorn Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "shabby sneer" that Mr. Chamberlain thought he had discovered the Empire. He had no such pretension. He only hoped that he might be regarded as one who left the Empire more united than he had found it.

At Dunfermline the Prime Minister took rather a more modest view of his position than Mr. Chamberlain. Even now, he confessed, he did not realise the extent of his responsibilities, but he assured his constituents that, while he took a high view, perhaps because he took a high view, of the position to which he had been called, he took a humble view of his own qualifications. Any success he might obtain would be due to the blessing of God and the gracious consideration of his Sovereign, the faithful co-operation of his colleagues, and the confident support of his political friends. Turning to the Fiscal question, he said that it was not to Mr. Balfour, but to Mr. Chamberlain that they looked. It is from him that the Tariff Reformers receive their marching orders, and the duty of Free Traders was to concentrate against this great antagonist, with whom there is no ambiguity. He asked, if Protection be as sweet a pill as Mr. Chamberlain says it is, why is it necessary to wrap it up in so much sugar; why should Mr. Chamberlain not trust to the natural and obvious loveliness of his own scheme; why should he tempt the working-man with offers of high wages and employment? Mr. Chamberlain had miscon-

Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, who died at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, on Dec. 29, was the chief promoter of electric traction on the London railways. He was born in Philadelphia in 1837, and was educated in the Quaker and High Schools in that city. His father was well-to-do, and would have allowed him to go on with his studies had he cared, but at eighteen he chose to begin life for himself, and went into a grain commission house as cashier. After three years, when his salary had risen to £60, he opened a stockbroker's office and did so well that very soon he was able to purchase a banking business. During the war he devised an ingenious plan for enabling Philadelphia to raise money for soldiers' bounties and public works, and he was on the verge of great prosperity when he was ruined by the Chicago fire. He could have saved himself by making the city a preferred creditor, but he decided that all to whom he owed money should have equal treatment, so he went into bankruptcy, and had to begin life again. He took up speculation in railways, acquired large interests in New York lines and reconstructed the railways of Chicago, which he found in chaos. Thereafter he took up the question of the London railways, and became chairman of the Underground Electric Railways Company, Limited, with a capital of £5,000,000, which has partially electrified the Metropolitan Railways. This undertaking is still in progress. His hobby was astronomy, and he established the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, with the most powerful telescope in the world. To him the poorer people of Chicago owe the almost complete disappearance of crowded tenement houses in the heart of the city; for his electric railways have enabled them to live in the healthier outskirts.



Photo, Grantham Bain.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

No Longer a Black-and-White Artist.

The Hon. Cecil Norton, who has become Junior Lord of the Treasury in the new Ministry, has represented West Newington in Parliament since 1892. He was born in 1850, and is the eldest son of the late Rev. William Norton, Rector of Baltinglass, co. Wicklow. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and the Staff College, Sandhurst, and was Captain in the 5th Royal Irish Lancers. In 1880 he was chosen to report upon Italian cavalry, and in the two following years he was Brigade Major of Cavalry at Aldershot. Before entering Parliament he had been candidate for Portsmouth and for Great Yarmouth.

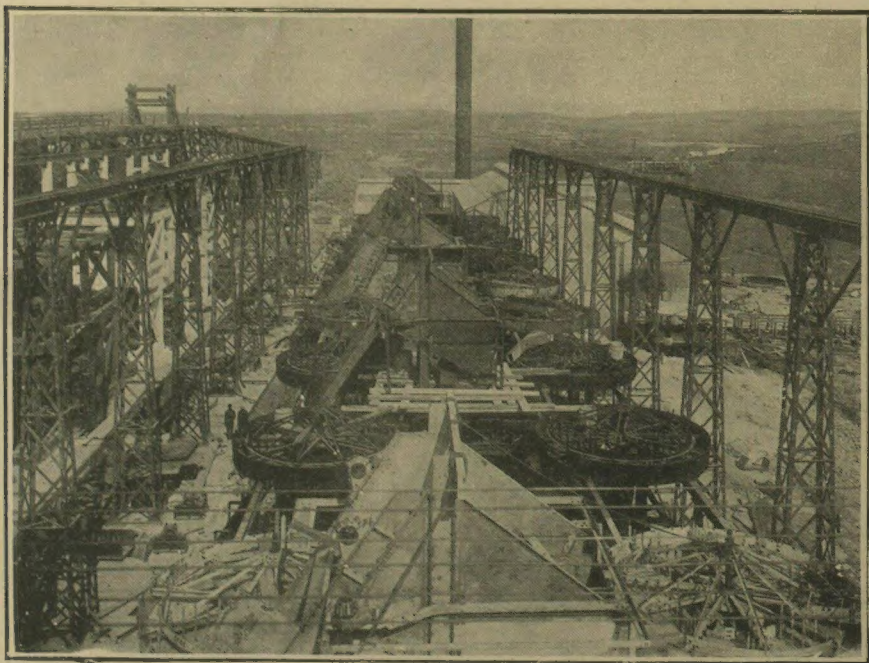
Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, creator of the "Gibson Girl," some time ago abandoned black-and-white for



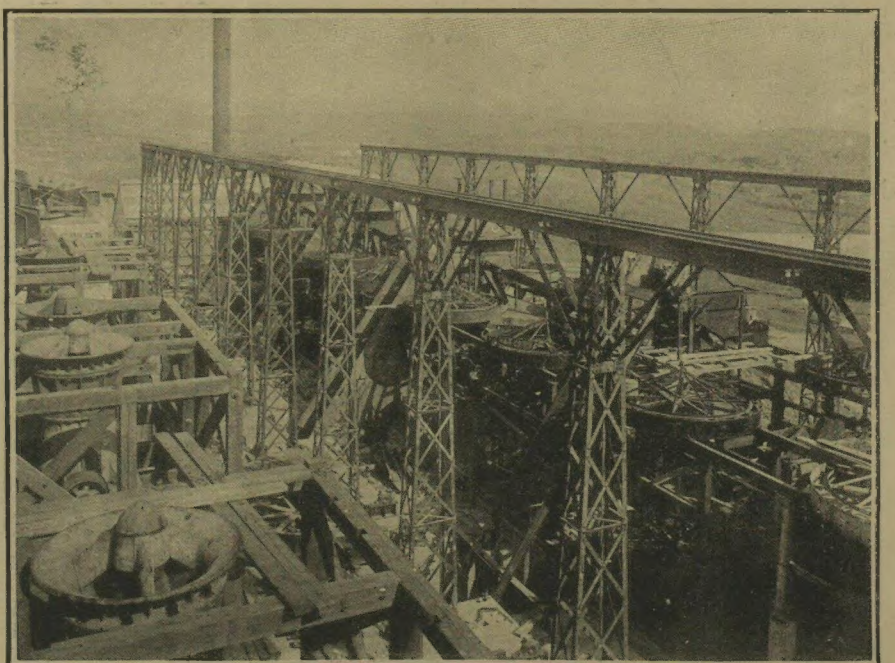
Photo, Russell.

CAPTAIN CECIL NORTON.

Junior Lord of the Treasury.



The Pans of the Premier Diamond Mine.



The Pans and Crushers of the Premier Diamond Mine.

WHERE THE BIGGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD WAS FOUND: THE PREMIER MINE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICHOLLS AND BYRNE.

In January of last year the famous Premier Diamond was discovered accidentally by one of the officials of the mine who saw it glistening far up on the face of working. It weighed 3032 carats, and measured four-and-a-half inches by two-and-a-quarter inches, and was twenty-nine times the size of the Koh-i-Noor.

that he did not know of the existence in our midst of so many heaven-born statesmen, but he sighed for someone to warn them: was there no one who would tell them in the height of their delight that every day was bringing them nearer the time when they in their turn will be the worst Government that the country has ever known? Mr. Chamberlain discovered that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's programme is merely the old

ceived the character of his fellow-countrymen; he had also misunderstood the Empire. Preferential tariffs, though fair to the eye, must inevitably fetter that freedom upon which the success of our Colonial policy rests. The Government wish the Colonies well, but nothing would persuade them to indulge in the vain dream of an Empire isolated, self-maintained, self-subsisting. In reply to a question the Prime Minister declared that he

colour, and has gone to Europe to study portrait-painting. Mr. Gibson was born in Massachusetts in 1867. He was educated at Flushing High School, and at the Art Student League of New York. The only other fact of his biography that he has confided to "Who's Who" is: "First drew from life 1886." Mr. Gibson's satire is, of its kind, tremendously clever, but it is equally cruel. It will be interesting to see whether he

A TIBETAN SACRED OFFICIAL WHO MET THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.

The Tashi Lama.



THE TASHI LAMA OF TIBET AT THE RAWAL PINDI REVIEW.

The Tashi Lama of Tibet and the Tongsa Penlop of Bhutan went on from Rawal Pindi to Calcutta and paid their respects to the Earl of Minto. They had each a very gorgeous retinue. The Lama's retainers, who are monks, wore curious hats, some like Roman helmets, and others like church-steeples and cart-wheels. The Lama himself was borne in a sedan-chair, splendidly lacquered; faithful Buddhists kissed the tail of his pony. At the review he sat on the box-seat of a carriage.

will carry the same uncompromising method into his portrait-painting.

The War Stores Scandal.

The unsavoury story known as the War Stores Scandal seems likely to claim public attention in the unpleasant form of police court proceedings. All attempts at concealment or suppression have been abandoned, and warrants have been issued against several men directly concerned with the Supply and Transport departments. Other arrests are pending, and Rumour is, of course, doing her best to make a bad matter worse. The general sense of the country will, we think, approve the action of the War Office. We cannot expect that our administration will be free from faults, or that there will ever be a time when jobbery will not be practised, but it is distinctly advisable that all these stories of corruption should be examined fully, that exemplary punishment should be meted out to the guilty parties, and that all concerned should learn that the way of transgression leads to the police-court. To hush up one scandal is to invite others, and no State service is developed on satisfactory lines by a policy of concealment.

The New Zealanders' French Victory.

On New Year's Day at Paris the New Zealanders met a team representing all France. The Colonials followed up their monotonous tradition of victory, but the Frenchmen have, after all, something to be proud of, for although the victors scored 38 points, the home team had 8 to their credit, a record some crack English teams might envy. The French score was, indeed, as high as the best made by any English fifteen against New Zealand. The defence was wonderfully vigorous, and the Frenchmen made the pluckiest possible efforts to break through their opponents' line. Amant, by a lucky break-away, secured the first try for France. Quite four thousand people watched the match and followed the play with



Photo. Press Agency.

WHERE LORD JOHN RUSSELL DRAFTED THE REFORM BILL: STREATHAM RECTORY.

Streatham Rectory is about to be demolished. It was the home of Lord John Russell, and in its library he drafted the Reform Bill of 1832.

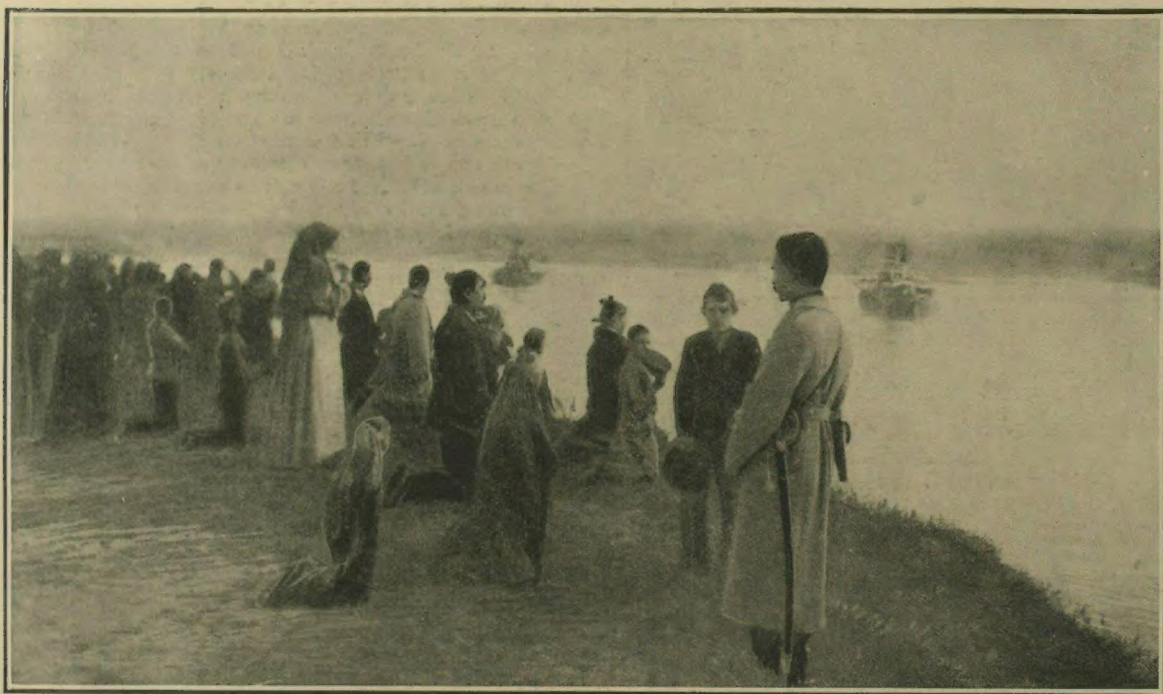


Photo. Olschansky.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: A HYMN ON THE SHORE AT SEVASTOPOL.

The loyalists of Sevastopol, on hearing that the naval squadron in the harbour had not joined the rebels, fell on their knees and sang a hymn of thanksgiving.

the utmost enthusiasm. Gallaher, the New Zealand captain, confessed that he was agreeably surprised by the Frenchmen's form.

The Morocco Conference.

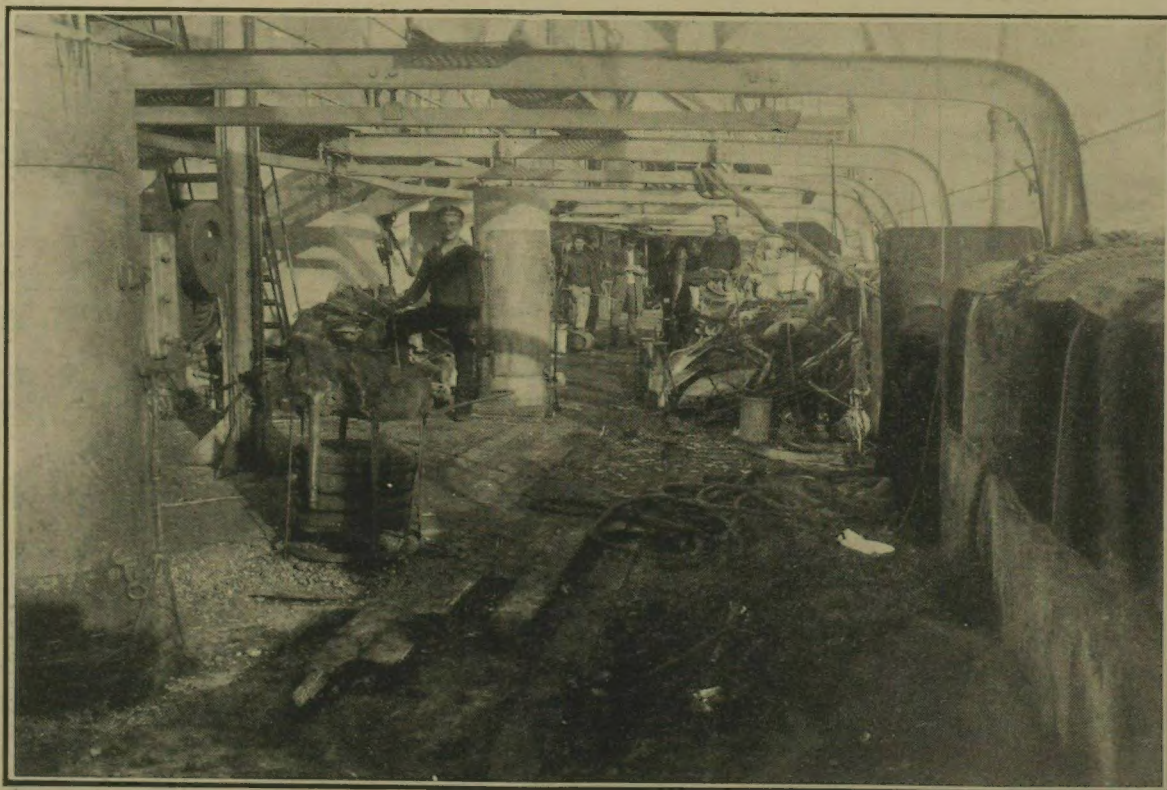
It is now decided that the Morocco Conference will be held at Algieras, and that it will be opened on or about Wednesday week next. There will be constant communication between the Spanish seaport town and Gibraltar, and increased facilities for telephonic and telegraphic communication are already in course of completion. No word has been said about the programme, but the chief points that will come before the Plenipotentiaries must include the Open Door, the custody of the Algeria-Morocco frontier, the re-organisation of finances, and the establishment of public security. As all this diplomatic furniture has to be fitted within the four walls of the Sultan's supremacy, the task before the diplomatists is an exceedingly delicate and difficult one. If all the European Powers to be represented at the Conference could agree about the partition of Morocco, it is to be feared that the Sultan's sovereign rights would run serious risk of being overlooked. It is said in a circle usually well informed that Germany is quite prepared to give France a free hand on the Algerian frontier and with Northern Morocco, in return for Mogador and the right to explore and develop the practically unknown provinces of the Sus. At the time of writing France is preparing for the Conference with much misgiving, that is associated with a determination to see the matter through at any cost; while it is an open secret that several of the Powers are sending representatives because they cannot help themselves.

The agitation associated with the employment of Chinese coolies in the South African mines has been redoubled by the Prime Minister's recent statement at the Albert Hall and by Mr. Balfour's

spirited reply. The problem before the Cabinet is perhaps one of the most difficult of all it is called upon to face in the near future. As far as can be learned from careful inquiry, it is clear that Chinese labour is very unpopular with all classes, and that, at the same time, all fair-minded observers realise its overwhelming importance to South Africa. The Government can take no more heroic step than the prohibition of further recruiting for the mines, pending the expression of an authoritative opinion from South Africa. That decision will be awaited with interest, but in view of the scarcity of Kaffir labour and the increase of prices that the Kaffirs have demanded since the war, it is to be feared that the experiment with Chinamen, demonstrably unsatisfactory though it is, will not be discontinued. In any case, Asiatic labour is not a question that should be submitted to all the side issues of party politics; it may claim of right consideration and a decision based upon wider grounds than party can afford.

Two Views of Mr. Chamberlain.

The perils that beset public utterance are emphasised in an ingenious election brochure entitled "Joseph Chamberlain on both sides." In it Mr. Alexander Mackintosh has arranged in parallel columns the passages in Mr. Chamberlain's public speeches which directly contradict each other. Until the proof is actually seen, it is difficult to believe how startlingly thorough the former Colonial Secretary's conversion has been. The book, which is issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, will certainly be useful to electors in enabling them to realise, as its editor hopes it will, how Mr. Chamberlain has presented both sides of many questions.

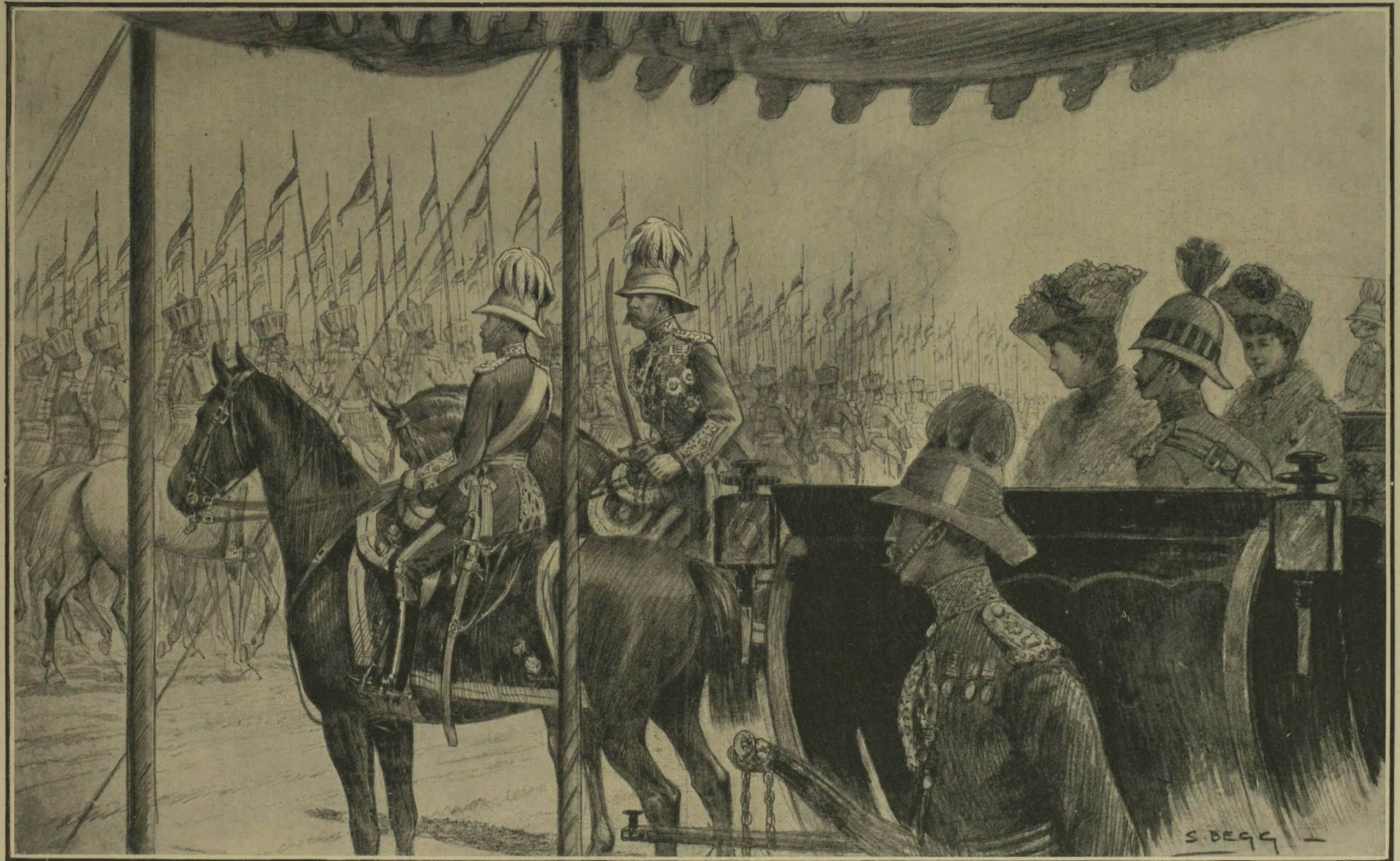


DEVASTATION WROUGHT BY FIRE ON BOARD THE MUTINOUS RUSSIAN WAR-SHIP "OTCHAKOFF," AT SEVASTOPOL.

At Sevastopol the mutinous vessel "Otchakoff" was completely destroyed by fire. The mutineers captured some loyal officers and took them to the "Otchakoff," thinking they would thus save the rebel ship from being fired upon; but they were mistaken. The vessel was bombarded, caught fire, and was reduced to a mere shell.

LORD KITCHENER SHOWS OUR INDIAN ARMY TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



Prince.

Lord Kitchener.

Princess.

THE PRINCE REVIEWING THE INDIAN ARMY AT RAWAL PINDI.

After three days' field manoeuvres, in which the Indian Army proved its efficiency in frontier defence, a great review of all arms was held before the Prince at Rawal Pindi. Fifty-five thousand troops were on parade. The Prince addressed a personal

letter to Lord Kitchener, warmly complimenting him on the magnificent body of troops under his command, and on the credit their bearing and discipline reflected on the Commander-in-Chief's recent reorganisation of the forces for Indian defence.

This view is not lessened in its likelihood by considerations connected with the cultivation of the "memory-habit." Just as use strengthens a muscle, so the due exercise of brain-cells, for this or that work, increases the memory-powers. It is no uncommon thing to find people possessing excellent memories for certain classes of details, and very weak memories for other details. This fact seems to place our recollective powers on a plane with other bodily functions, such as those of the muscles. Use develops; disuse degenerates—this is the universal law of life. We can at least form a reasonable idea of memory if we assume it is a function common to all brain-cells, because it seems to follow and obey the laws that regulate cell life in the frame at large. If we adopt the other view, that memory is a special duty, discharged by special cells, we are left in the more difficult position of first of all finding our memory "bump," and second, of ascertaining how this supreme intelligence department operates.—ANDREW WILSON.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT DARJEELING.



1. The Victoria Falls, Darjeeling.
2. Tree Ferns at Darjeeling.
3. The Maharajah of Sikkim.
4. View on the Runjeet, Darjeeling.
5. Darjeeling from Beechwood Park.
6. The Sanatorium, Darjeeling.
7. A Bhutan Village near Darjeeling Railway Loop.
8. General View from the Approach to the Station, Darjeeling.

Photographs by Frith, Bourns and Shepherd, Johnston and Hoffmann, and the Exclusive News Agency.

THE SPANISH PRIEST.

By W. S. MAUGHAM.



Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

THERE can be few better places in the world than Gibraltar for meeting odd persons. To stay there is like watching in the act some play of manners crowded with characters, all of whom have special and individual peculiarities. In Gibraltar, that ant-hill of a hundred nationalities, Moor and Christian and Jew rub elbows with one another; a babel of different tongues confuses your ear—English, Spanish, Arabic. Saunter through Waterport Street in the afternoon (it is like the high-street of an English market-town, and the massive grey stone of its houses, with their Georgian air, makes a queer impression under that Southern sky), and you will see many strange things. Sailors of all nations lounge idly by the Spaniards' side, and dark-eyed girls in mantillas, accompanied by dueñas, walk quickly with modest bearing; English ladies, of mature age, ride past with callow subalterns attendant; a British regiment passes with resonant tramp to the playing of fife and drum, while little Arab boys, naked of leg, trot along the curb, whistling, of all tunes, *Rule Britannia*. And in the taverns where Andalusian lasses, in the national dress, are dancing the bolero, the man-o'-war's man drinks his grog, the Scot his whisky, while the Spaniard, smoking the incessant cigarette, sips the light white wine of Manzanilla.

To one of these I used often to go, sitting for hours to watch the faces of all those people, and striving to discern their characters from the way they held themselves, or their expression while they talked. Here I smoked one Saturday night when the place was so full that I could get a seat only at a table where sat another man. I paid no particular attention to him till presently he addressed me.

"Rum lot, aren't they?" he exclaimed suddenly, as though his thoughts went parallel with mine.

I turned round and saw a wiry, sunburned fellow, whose appearance was not a little remarkable. He was about fifty years of age, shabbily dressed with that mixture of English and Spanish clothes assumed by those who have spent many years in the country; and the look of his face suggested that he was a hard drinker. But there was strength there as well, and character. The blue eyes were sharp and alert; his nose was strong, large, and obstinate.

"I see you've lived a good deal in Spain," I said.

"Thirty years."

"Engineer?" I asked.

"Mining," he answered.

At that rate, I thought, the conversation would not proceed rapidly, but I am always interested in talking with an Englishman who has lived long in Spain. It is from men such as these, whose avocations throw them into intimate contact with the people, that most can be learned of that curiously impenetrable race. I offered him something to drink and passed him my cigar-case. I noticed that he added singularly little water to his whisky.

"By George," he said, "that's good stuff! Can't get it up in the mountains, you know. Have to put up with *aguardiente* and muck like that."

He lit the cigar and blew out the smoke in heavy clouds. He looked at it and at me, and I flattered myself the cigar was to his liking. An expression of greater content passed over his restless face, in which there was always a look as if he sought something continually: those sharp eyes of his never rested, but darted across the room over my shoulder as if perpetually on the look-out. But now a certain geniality seized the stranger, and I saw he was disposed to be communicative.

"After all, one hasn't much to complain of when one has a drink and a good cigar, a comfortable place to sit in, and a few dancers to look at."

"You must have seen some queer things in your time," I murmured, tentatively.

The engineer turned to me suddenly.

"D'you know that somewhere in Andalusia the biggest fortune in the world is lying ready to be picked up by anyone who finds it? Some day a man will stumble against it, and millionaires will be paupers by the side of him. It's there, waiting, waiting."

He finished the whisky and called for more.

"You see me," he added. "I don't look very prosperous, do I? Well, I tell you that if chance hadn't played me a cursed trick, I should be a richer man than Rothschild."

and insisted on waiting till I was free. They told him I might be engaged all day; but he said it didn't matter, he would wait still. I know what these fellows are, so I had him brought in."

"How long was this ago?"

"About ten years. Well, the priest appeared. He was a tall man for a Spaniard, about sixty years old, I should say, with grizzled hair and a three-days' growth of white beard. He'd got a long, lean face, something like a horse, yellow as though he suffered from a chronic jaundice; and he was as thin as if every day in the year were a fast. He wore a shabby black cassock, threadbare and almost green with age;

here and there it was untidily patched, and it was all frayed at the bottom. His great sharp bones seemed to stick out of it as if they would pierce through. I've never seen a thinner man in my life. He took off his hat when he came into my office, and apologised for troubling me. The words seemed to come out of his mouth without any movement of the lips, and he spoke with a sort of hesitation as if he were deadly frightened.

"Upon my soul," I said to myself, 'this is a queer card. I wonder what he wants.'

"I found the priest was taking me in pretty thoroughly. His eyes started at my feet and travelled slowly up till they met mine, and then they stopped still. All the time he was there he never took his eyes off me. When I turned they followed me suspiciously; they watched every movement of my hands; and all the while his long, yellow face remained without any trace of expression.

"Won't you sit down?" I said. "What can I do for you?"

"For a moment he didn't answer, and I wondered if he was a bit wrong in his mind.

"Am I right in thinking you're a mining engineer, Señor?" he asked, at last.

"You are."

"You're the manager of the company?"

"Yes."

"He paused again and his eyes seemed to gather themselves together, as it were to look more keenly into me. But I grew impatient.

"Look here, I've got no end of work to do. I suppose you didn't come here just to pass the time of day. If you've got any business to do, do it; if not, you'd better clear out."

"He took no notice of my speech.

"You must know all that's to be known about mines and mining," he said very slowly.

"Well, I know a good deal," I laughed.

"He hesitated, and then the question slipped out of his lips in that odd way, so that I might have thought somebody else, whom I couldn't see, was talking.

"Would you know a piece of ore if you saw it?"

"I started, and looked at him with more interest. It

struck me the old man might have hit upon a mine. I'd heard of that sort of thing before in Spain. I didn't answer, and the priest got up; he lifted his long black cassock and from some inner pocket took a rather bulky parcel wrapped in a common red handkerchief. He undid it slowly, with trembling fingers, and all the time his strange eyes watched me closely. He came forward to the table, and laid on it a great lump of stuff about as large as my two fists put together.

"By Jove, what's that?" I cried.

"I had expected to see copper pyrites or some iron ore of sorts, for that is what we chiefly go for in Southern Spain. I knew the look of them, and this was neither. But it was ore right enough, though I didn't for the life of me know what. I looked up at the priest and I saw that his sallow cheeks were red and he breathed heavily; his keen eyes sparkled as they watched my astonishment.

"It's ore, but I don't know what; do you?"



In the taverns where Andalusian lasses are dancing the bolero.

"Found a mine?" I asked.

"No, that's just what I didn't," he answered, with a bitter laugh. "Would you like to know about it?"

"Fire away."

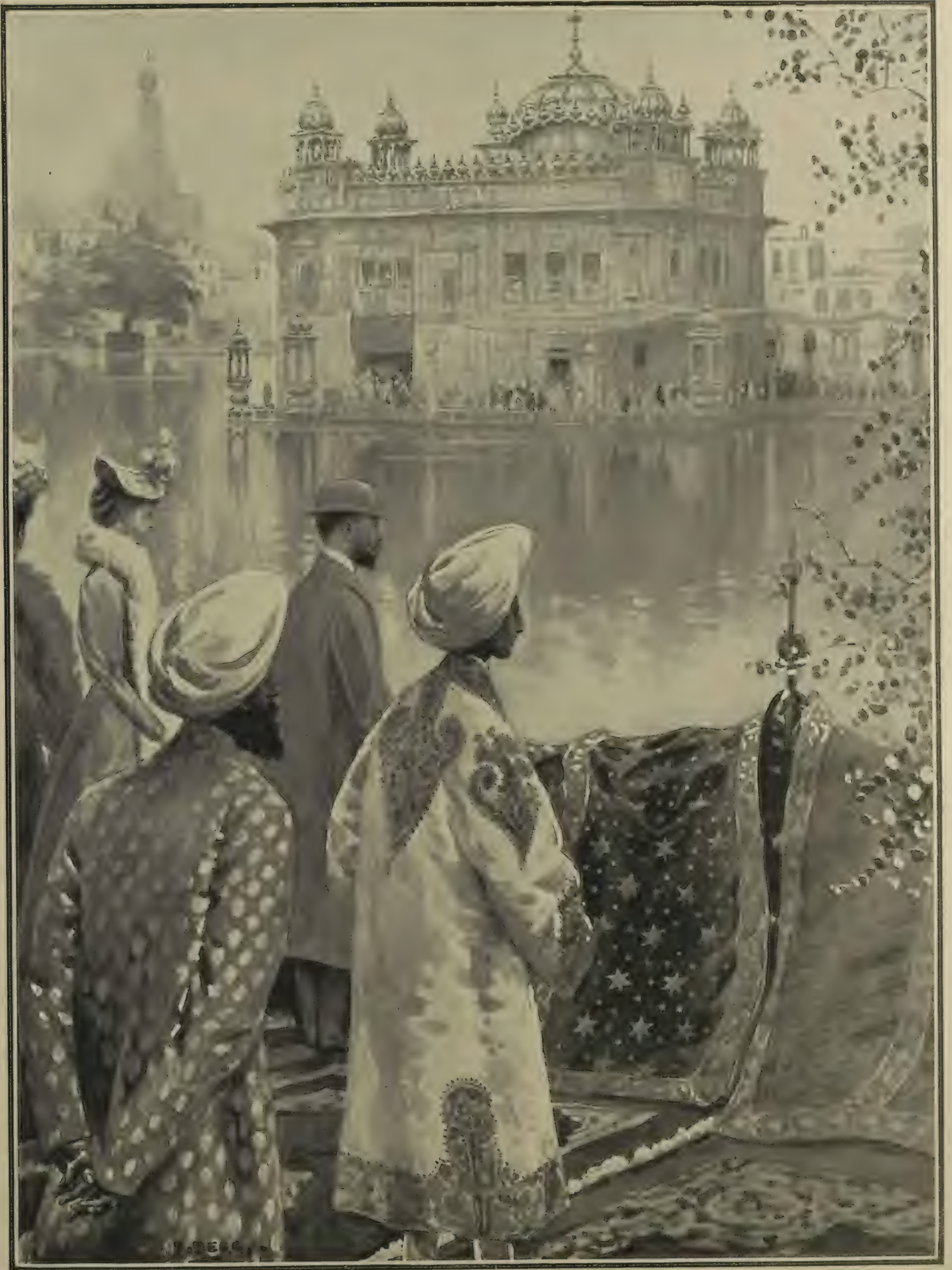
"Well, I was manager of a mining company in Seville—you know that the mines in Spain are all run by foreigners. I suppose it's the richest country in the world in the way of mineral resources, take it all in all. When people wake up to the fact that the earth out here is just a mass of ore, well, they won't go out to the Cape."

"What were your mines?" I asked.

"Copper pyrites. They brought in a good deal of money, I can tell you. Anyhow, I was sitting in my office one day when a clerk came in to say that a priest wanted to see me. He wouldn't give his name nor his business. I had a good deal to do, and I answered that I was too busy to see him. In a minute the clerk came back and told me the priest had sat himself down

THE PRINCE AT THE MECCA OF THE SIKH RELIGION.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS VIEWING THE GOLDEN TEMPLE AT AMRITSAR.

The most wonderful building in the capital of the Sikhs is the Golden Temple, which stands in the centre of the Pool of Immortality. Within the shrine is kept the Sacred Granth, the Sikh Scripture. The Prince and Princess viewed the Temple from a platform on the edge of the Pool. There they were greeted with blessings from Akali devotees wearing strange, high head-dresses. All the Sikh notabilities were present, and the Prince and Princess sat under a shamiana, or canopy, that had once shaded Runjeet Singh.

"An expression of indescribable cunning passed over his face.

"I know nothing of mines. How should I? Can't you find out what it is?"

"I turned it over thoughtfully. I was certain he knew very well, but for some reason wouldn't say.

"I shall have to send it to London."

"Very well. Do so."

"Yes; but hadn't you better explain a bit? How did you come by this? Where did you find it?"

"Ah, that is my secret. I will show you the place when you know what the ore is. And we must have a little agreement. I want half of everything you get—do you agree?"

"Is it a mine, then? Whereabouts? You can surely tell me that."

"It's not very far from Granada. I found it when I was wandering about the mountains. It's an old Roman mine, but it's hardly worked at all. I've studied ores all my life, and I know what that is. But you shall see for yourself." He spoke still in the same even tones, without haste, though I saw he was enormously excited. And I tell you the ore is just lying there on the top of the earth. You can pick it up as you walk along."

"D'you think there's much of it?" I asked.

"Much? There's enough to pay the National Debt of Spain ten times over."

"I thought it over for a minute or two."

"Well, look here, it's all very extraordinary, but it's no good our going into the matter till I've had this examined. I'll send it along to England at once. Leave me your address, and in three weeks I shall be able to let you know exactly what it is."

"He put his hand on mine quickly."

"Remember. I'm to have half," he said.

"I nodded, and gave him a pen and a piece of paper to put his name down. He wrote painfully, like a man unused to writing, and his large scrawl was scarcely legible. I looked at it, and found the priest was called Vicente Oria y Mazallon; he lived in Granada, in the Calle Alfonso Trece, number seven. I put the slip of paper in my pocket-book and showed him to the door. When we shook hands he told me that if I wrote to that address he would come to Seville it once, and then, the agreement between us properly signed, he would lead me to the mine. I went back into my office and turned over the jagged piece of ore; I wondered what it was, and whether the mine, if such really existed, could be profitably worked."

"Who knows?" I said to myself. Perhaps the old man's right and I may be on the highway to making my pile."

"I packed it up myself and sent it to England that night. I was overwhelmed with work at that time, and the whole matter slipped from my memory, till, some three weeks later, among my letters I found one from our analyst. I opened it without much curiosity. At first I could hardly believe my eyes. My heart began to beat so violently that I thought I should faint. My head swam. For that piece of ore contained—gold, gold in such quantity that the mine from which it came must be the richest in the world. I began to laugh, hysterically like a woman, and the air grew suddenly so thin that I could scarcely breathe; I seemed to walk upon mountain heights. But I pulled myself together. After all I was a business man and it was stupid to be so overcome. As methodically as I could, I took from my pocket-book the old priest's address and I felt sure now that he knew all the time this secret of fabulous wealth. I went to the post-office myself, and wired him to come to Seville it once. I returned to my office and tried to go on with my work, but my thoughts were no longer under my control. How could I pay attention to humdrum affairs when there lay within my reach a fortune so enormous that the world itself was at my feet? Then it occurred to me that the priest might not have money for the journey, and I went to the post-office again and sent him a note for a hundred pesetas."

"Knowing at what time he could arrive, I went to the station to meet him; I resolved not to let him out of my sight till he had told me where exactly the mine was. I was consumed with the desire to see it with my own eyes. Gold, gold, gold! With feverish anxiety I watched the people get out of the train, and he was nowhere to be seen. I cursed the Spanish dilatoriness which had made him linger. No other train arrived for twelve hours, and I did not know how to bear my impatience. I telegraphed again, bidding him hasten, and again went to the station. Once more I endured that agony of expectation and a bitter disappointment. I met a third train and still he did not come. I began to grow seriously alarmed. I could bear the suspense no longer. There was a train just starting for Granada, and I jumped in. I shall never forget the endlessness of that journey and my desperate excitement as each station brought me nearer. I had no luggage to hamper me, and when at last we arrived I took a cab at once and drove to the Calle Alfonso Trece. It was a poor street, and the house in which the priest lived was a great, ramshackle building, originally perhaps the residence of some nobleman, but now inhabited by a score of shabby families. I asked the first person I met for Don Vicente, and was told he lived in one room on the top storey."

"Is he in now?"

"Puede ser, it may be. I've not seen him for several days."

"A little boy led me to the attic and with wildly

beating heart I knocked. At last, at last! There was no answer. I knocked again and from another room a woman came out."

"D'you want Don Vicente? He went away a fortnight ago."

"A sudden blackness came before my eyes, and I could scarcely restrain a sob of disappointment."

"But I've written and telegraphed to him."

"Ah yes, I have the letters here."

"She brought me the three telegrams I had sent, and the letter, all unopened."

"And where has he gone?" I asked desperately.

"God knows," she answered, shrugging her shoulders."

"Feeling as though the earth were giving way under my feet, I walked slowly down the stairs. What could I do but wait till it pleased the fool to come back? And there the gold was lying and any day some peasant might stumble against a piece of ore, take it to Granada, and give the secret away. The only thing that suggested itself was to go to the bishop and ask if anything was known of the priest; but at the Chancery they told me he was unattached to any diocese, and no one knew where he was gone. Then I cross-questioned his neighbours. They could tell me nothing, for Don Vicente had been used to live in great seclusion, and even the woman next door knew no more than his name. I asked whether she had a key of his room, but she told me no one ever entered it but

the priest, I thought there might be among his papers some clue to the position of the mine, and I had devised a scheme for getting into his room. Going to the landlord of the house, I asked if I could have lodgings there; as I expected, he told me the place was full."

"But why shouldn't I have Don Vicente's room?" I asked. "He must be dead or gone to the devil. You're not going to keep it empty for ever."

"The landlord was willing enough to let it, but somewhat feared difficulties with the police if Don Vicente's belongings were tampered with."

"Don't be a fool," said I. "No one will trouble about you. Don Vicente's property can remain where it is, and if ever he returns he can have it."

"To quieten his fears the landlord asked an outrageous rent, but I agreed to it gladly, and within an hour a locksmith had gained me admission to the room. It was scantily furnished with a bed, a chair, and a table; round the walls books and papers were piled up, dusty and untidy. I looked at the books eagerly, and found they consisted in part of devotional works, but the most were technical treatises on mining. First I examined carefully all the papers with which the floor was littered, and you can imagine how my heart beat. I can see it now, that cold, musty room, and myself feverishly turning over each scrap of paper in the hope of finding some clue. Nothing. I took the books one by one, and sought for a stray sheet on which might be written the name of a place or a map. Nothing. I scrutinized

the boards of the floor, and the walls, for signs of an opening in which the secret might be hidden. Nothing. My brain reeled, and I thought if I did not gather myself together I should go mad. Again I examined the books, this time for their contents; for days I worked like a slave, with not a shadow of hope to encourage me. I began to despair, but I would not listen to the voice within me. I determined never to rest till I had discovered this mine. After all, it was absurd; there it was without doubt, less than fifteen miles from Granada, and setting my teeth, I swore I would find it. At last I came across a little faded Spanish book, all worn with age and discoloured, thumbed and dirty; it was an account written in the seventeenth century of the mines exploited by the Romans in Andalusia. My heart leaped, for here, evidently, was the source from which the priest himself had proceeded, and I studied the shabby volume as I never studied printed matter before. Here I found the first trace of his writing, for now and then the name of a place was lightly underlined. I made a careful note of all these, and determined to explore them one by one. I would go to work as the priest had done, and if I went in his footsteps, surely I should arrive at the same result. Then my heart gave a great bound, for I realised that now the mine would belong to me alone, and I need share my wealth with no one."

"It seemed to me that I was on the scent at last, and it was with a light heart that I set out next morning."

The speaker stopped and laughed bitterly. He called for more liquor and drank it at one gulp."

"It was the first of many fruitless journeys among the mountains of Granada, and that light heart of mine grew so heavy that I could scarcely bear the weight of it in my body. For three years I wandered about those desert places, suffering hunger and cold and thirst. I explored every inch of the country; I found disused mines, but they were worthless. I asked everyone I met whether they remembered an old, tall priest who used to come often to those parts; but never did I meet a soul who had seen him. He had vanished from the

face of the earth, and even the remembrance of him was gone. They thought me mad, but I did not care; I went on and on, perpetually looking for my gold."

"And you never found anything?" I asked.

He paused for a long while before he answered.

"Yes, at last. One day I was walking through the most desert part of the Sierra, where I think no man had ever been before, and I was wishing with all my soul that I'd never set eyes upon that cursed priest. It was bitterly cold, and suddenly the snow began to fall. I looked about for shelter, and saw the opening of a little cave behind some brushwood. I pushed my way through, and thought myself lucky to get into a fairly comfortable place. I struck a match to light my cigar—and then I cried out with horror. I really felt as though my hair stood on end, and I trembled in all my limbs. The match fell from my fingers, and with shaking hand I lit another. Something black was lying at my feet, something ghastly. I touched it. The black cassock of a priest. I'd found Don Vicente at last. Shrivelled like a mummy, a skeleton of skin and bone, but recognisable still, he lay there at my feet, with his secret locked eternally in his breast."

A shudder passed through the man as he thought of that awful sight. For a while he was silent."

"I suppose he had been there for three years or more. He must have gone to that place immediately after I saw him. Death came upon him suddenly."

"But surely his presence there..." I began.

"I thought it meant something. I sought again, I sought restlessly, I never tired. I traversed every inch of the land for ten miles around, till my youth was gone and my hair turned grey. I never found anything, never! And still there lies within five leagues of Granada a mine rich with gold, waiting to make some lucky fool the richest man in Europe."

THE END.



Don Vicente at last.

himself; and the door confronted me coldly, maddeningly; perhaps behind it, in some note-book or other, lay the secret of the mine."

"I was obliged to return to Seville, and, hoping against hope, I thought the priest might be waiting for me there. Again I was disappointed. Then I became convinced that he was wandering about in the neighbourhood of the mine, and the awful thought seized me that the idea of so much gold had turned his brain, as it was almost turning mine; and he had lost all recollection of me and of his own identity. It would be horrible if, when at last I found him, he was a gibbering lunatic from whom I could get no word of sense. I put advertisements in all the Spanish papers, asking Don Vicente Oria to come at once to a certain address where he would hear news to his great advantage. There was no result. Then I offered a reward for anyone who could tell me his whereabouts. This I thought must bring something, for all Spaniards read the ill-printed flimsy rags which pass here for papers, and there was no periodical in the remotest province, which did not contain day after day my announcement. I advertised so much and so often that the Press grew interested, and wild rumours flew about with regard to the cause of my anxiety to discover this strange priest; presently Don Vicente Oria became as well known a name as any in Spain. The whole population was on the alert to discover him, and yet there was no trace."

"Meanwhile, that lump of ore, promising gold in fabulous quantities, stared at me day and night. Except for this I should have been inclined to think the whole thing an illusion, and that I had merely dreamed of the priest's visit. I resigned my post in Seville, for I wanted a free hand, and my salary was not worth considering beside the prospect of that vast wealth. I went to Granada, for though I had given up hope of ever finding

THE OTHER SIDE OF FAIRYLAND: BEHIND THE SCENES.

DRAWN BY SIMONT.



A GREAT PANTOMIME TABLEAU FROM BEHIND THE SCENES.

Quite as interesting as the view from the front of the house is that of a great pantomime as seen in progress behind the scenes. Although the multitude of performers is endless and the machinery most complicated, everything goes with the most wonderful smoothness.

AN ELEPHANT WORTH £30,000: THE GORGEOUS DISPLAY OF THE INDIAN CHIEFS AT LAHORE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 6, 1906.—16

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S WELCOME TO LAHORE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PASSING THE CHIEFS' CAMP.

At the native chiefs' camp was drawn up a line of the most gorgeously caparisoned elephants. That in the foreground had a howdah of silver and glass with trappings of cloth-of-gold very heavily embroidered. On the tusks were brass rings. The equipment of this particular elephant was said to be worth three lakhs of rupees, or £30,000. Some of the elephants carried small fountains upon the ends of their tusks. These scattered perfume as the creatures went along.

THE CHINESE COOLIE ON THE RAND: HIS DORMITORY.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLÈRE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE COOLIES' SLEEPING-PLACE IN ONE OF THE COMPOUNDS.

A writer who has recently visited one of the gold-mines on the Rand says that every comfort and convenience is provided for the coolies, who are much better fed and housed than the dock-labourers in London. They decorate their sleeping-bunks, which

are arranged in tiers, with wonderfully brilliant rugs and shawls, on which they spend a large portion of their earnings. At the backs of their bunks they store their worldly possessions. Taken altogether the coolie manages to make captivity rather pleasant.

FAIRY PLAYS AND PANTOMIMES AT THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRAWINGS BY ALLAN STEWART AND W. RUSSELL FLINT.



"CINDERELLA" AT THE CORONET.

"THE BABES IN THE WOOD" AT THE CAMDEN THEATRE.



A SCENE FROM THE WHIMSICAL PIECE, "NOAH'S ARK," AT THE WALDORF.

This year marks an extraordinary development in the refinement of the pantomimes, which are approximating more and more to the fairy play. The popularity of these entertainments is consequently increasing, for managers have discovered that the less there is of the old knockabout fooling, and the more of the really beautiful and fanciful, the readier the modern parent is to bring his children.



"DICK WHITTINGTON" AT THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH.

"RED RIDING-HOOD" AT FULHAM.

A TORY ON THE ELECTION, AND A GREAT BONE OF CONTENTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. A. WATSON, JOHANNESBURG.

A GOOD many months before Mr. Balfour resigned office it was widely assumed that when a General Election did come the Unionist Party would be routed absolutely at the polls. The Government no less than

it on, but the taking of it off. One of the last and most irritating was the indiscretion of the Curzon-Kitchener correspondence, great in itself, greater in its publicity. And there is a section of the Unionist party which

the polls. But it will not be lost upon all the electors that the real strength of the new Government comes from their success in persuading to the Foreign Office a statesman who may be trusted to follow there the lines



CHINESE LABOURERS RECEIVING THEIR PAY-TICKETS.



CHINESE POLICEMEN TAKING THEIR DAILY EXERCISE.

the Opposition, or at any rate the followers in the country of the one no less than of the other, seemed to acquiesce in this forecast of a *débâcle*. Yet it never was clear why they should have done so. True, the bye-elections were going steadily against them, but, notoriously, bye-elections are untrustworthy guides. To the supporters of the party in power they offer diminished inducement to march to the polling-booths, while they are, on the other hand, so many field-days for the promiscuous regiments in opposition.

The older hands at the game refused to pay to these bye-election results the respect of predicting from them the demolition of a great political party, and public opinion steadied itself as to the result of a General Election. We heard no more about "sweeping the country." People speculated only whether the combined forces of Liberal, Radical, Labour, rabid Free Trade and Dissent would outnumber the Unionists, even when supported by the Nationalists. And up to within a month or two of Mr. Balfour's resignation there were reasons for thinking that the combined forces might. There was, for one thing, the swing of the pendulum to be reckoned with. Its rebound was certain to be great after any war, however triumphantly carried through, and the war in South Africa was not precisely a triumph. That was not the fault of the Government, it is true, and resulting strain and stress and scandal were not its fault; but the burden and reproach of these necessarily fall upon the party in power. Equally so, disunion in that party is glaring as compared with rifts in the Opposition. Guerilla tactics suit attack; while shoulder to shoulder is the principle of defence. In Mr. Balfour's Government all did not feel the touch. There were sharp cleavages, ending in resignations; and if the differences between those who remained and some who left were slight, their very subtlety made them difficult of explanation to an

considers that it was wounded in the house of its friends when the Lords refused to allow the tramways over the bridges. London deserved better treatment than that.

Thus a week or two ago only, the indications pointed to the possibility of the Liberals being returned to power with a working majority quite independently of the Irish

of policy laid down by the party which, we were ever being told, was unworthy of the nation's confidence.

But the interval has revealed other things. There is, for example, the multitude of workless men among us. It pleases the Radicals to say, and no doubt to believe, that Tariff Reform is dead. The Unionist Free-fooders know better. They at least understand how widely in the thinking and responsible classes Mr. Balfour's dissatisfaction with existing fiscal policy is shared, and not alone by Unionists in them; and these crowds of unemployed are, all-unconscious, Mr. Chamberlain's agents among their fellows. The ludicrous if sorrowful enough scene of the new Premier dispensing to the starving comfort not less cold, but a good deal less honest, than that dispensed by the old, has made a deep impression on the working classes, which is not to be erased by the promise of canals or the exhibition of Democracy Triumphant in the person of the new head of the Local Government Board. As if to complete the discomfiture of the Liberals, their Leader made a speech. The country realised that Home Rule was still the menace. No denials could blind it to the patched-up affair the new Cabinet was, or revoke the impression that had got abroad of the bad time Sir Henry had in sticking the pieces together.

But if on all these accounts the chances of his having a clear working majority were lessened when Sir Henry took office, they must have vanished altogether with his appearance at the Albert Hall. He had a chance there of enlisting the support of that section of the electorate—a section that has vastly increased, we are convinced, under Mr. Balfour's own example of the "open mind"—which would welcome any party that honestly faced the responsibilities of Empire. With them lay his chance of a free margin. Instead, he alienated them by a cynical display in public of the lac-pot that had done the tinkering in the privacy of Belgrave Square. With indecent haste he paid at the country's expense the



SUNDAY MORNING ROLL-CALL IN A CHINESE COMPOUND, 1800 PRESENT.

faction. But they point to that no longer. Much has occurred in the interval.

To begin with, the new Japanese Treaty has revealed to the country the splendid foreign policy of the late Government, on which Mr. Balfour was, putting the coping-stone at the moment that every whipper-snapper in Opposition was ludicrously accusing him of clinging



CHINESE GAMBLERS.



DINNER IN THE CHINESE HOSPITAL-YARD.

electorate trained politically in the broad and obvious distinctions of party only.

And it was not only from misunderstandings and bad luck that Mr. Balfour's Government suffered. It suffered also for its mistakes. One of the first and worst was in connection with the duty upon corn—not the putting of

to the sweets of office under any humiliation. Certain elements in the recent Government-making are amusing comment on Liberal charges about loaves and fishes. It is true that "C.-B.," on behalf of his combination, promises continuity of the foreign policy of their predecessors, and this should stand them in good stead at

cliques that completed his party, and flouted the Empire in order that each might enjoy its particular belated revenge on the departed Government. From that moment the Irish Question was with us, and in its worst form—at Westminster. Already not the coming election, but the one to follow, invites the more interesting speculation.

A RADICAL ON THE ELECTION, AND A GREAT BONE OF CONTENTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. A. WATSON, JOHANNESBURG.

THE Liberals enter on the General Election in the most sanguine spirit. Instead of being depressed by Mr. Balfour's tactics, they believe their prospects have been improved, first by the formation of the new

of any prejudice. They point out that the meeting was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in London, and that seldom at any political gathering has there been so splendid a scene as when Sir Henry

impregnable, nor is his brother's position in Leeds. Mr. Austen Chamberlain may be defeated in East Worcestershire, and Mr. Lyttelton may fail to come back from Warwick and Leamington. Of course, Mr. Joseph



A CHINESE COUNCIL-ROOM IN A SOUTH AFRICAN COMPOUND.



CHINESE ASSISTANTS IN THE SMITHY.

Government, and secondly by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at the Royal Albert Hall. They are certain of a great majority; their general estimate, indeed, is that they will have a majority of about thirty, independently of the Irish. It is supposed that the Labour members may give trouble to the Liberal Government, but Liberals themselves have not much fear on that account. They think the Labour members are not likely to turn them out in order to put Mr. Balfour or Mr. Chamberlain in.

The composition of the new Government is an element of strength in Liberal electioneering. Admittedly it contains a great deal of individual ability. It lacks experience, but what it lacks in this respect is compensated for by freshness of mind, by energy and by vigour. Then there is the mingling of the two sections. With the exception—the very important exception—of Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has secured the services of every man whose adhesion was regarded as of any importance. The question was often speculated upon—whether the Government which succeeded Mr. Balfour's would consist of Imperialists or of the other section of the Liberal party. Sir Henry has secured both. He has united Mr. Asquith with Sir Robert Reid; and Mr. Morley has sat down in Downing Street with Sir Edward Grey.

In debating talent the Government is fortunate. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour will be hard to cope with, but the Prime Minister has provided himself with capable colleagues. He has not only Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, but Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Winston Churchill, and Sir W. S. Robson. These gentlemen are in the front rank as debaters. Mr. Birrell is a master of the persiflage and ridicule which may embarrass the joint leaders of the Opposition; Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, if he come forward, will prove a sententious speaker; and Mr. John Burns is

made his announcement with regard to Chinese Labour. The popularity of that announcement was beyond question, and the whole of the new programme was received with favour. It proved more Radical than was expected, but its Radicalism delighted as well as surprised the listening Liberals.

Thus the Liberals face the country with a popular

Chamberlain is safe, but his prestige will probably be affected by the fall of his majority. A drop in Conservatism is expected by Liberals to take place almost everywhere. Many seats will probably be won by the new Ministerial party in Lancashire, Yorkshire, London, and Scotland.

The Home Rule bogey has not, so far, frightened the electors. They have not been deceived by it; they know it is not what it appears to be. Liberals, as a rule, it must be admitted, are indifferent at present to Home Rule; they are content to secure devolution for Ireland by steps and stages, and they know that a legislative body in Dublin will not be proposed in the next Parliament. There is little fear of disagreement on this subject in the Cabinet.

An attempt is made by the Unionists to turn their defence into attack, but the Liberals are not allowing the constituencies to forget the deeds of the late Government. They continue to denounce Chinese Labour, a sectarian Education Act, and blundering and shifting Army administration; they expose the action of the Ministers in Ireland and in India, and they denounce Mr. Balfour's evasion of a plain issue on the fiscal question. They contend that Mr. Chamberlain's policy also is before the country as part of the Unionist programme. That policy, in their opinion, is the alternative to their own, and they believe that its unpopularity will damn the whole party with which Mr. Chamberlain is associated.

The fight will be very sharp. There is more bitterness in political controversy at present than there has been for several Elections. No quarter will be given by either side. The love of power is very strong, and both those who have relinquished office after a long experience of Downing Street and those who have just tasted the sweets of authority and influence will fight to the utmost for the mastery. Liberals have no doubt that



THE COOLIES AT CRICKET IN THE COMPOUND.

leader and a popular programme. They have been splendidly organised by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who, although Home Secretary, will be the chief agent of the party till the Election is over. Never was the party better supplied with candidates. There is an overstock of suitable men, many offering services for which there is at present no demand. Liberals boast also of a good



CHINESE SORTING GOLD ORE IN THE CRUSHER-HOUSE.



CHINESE COOKS PREPARING DINNER FOR 1800 COOLIES.

an effective controversialist on certain subjects. Superior persons sneer at him, but he has great influence and popularity in the House of Commons.

Some members of the Unionist Opposition seem to suppose that the Prime Minister prejudiced his cause by his speech at the Albert Hall. Liberals are unaware

cause. The country had become tired of the Balfour Ministry, and is expected to give a fair trial to the new servants of the Crown who are infusing a new spirit into politics. It is believed that several members of the late Government may lose their seats at the Election. The position of Mr. Arthur Balfour in Manchester is not

they will win. The only question is as to the extent of the victory. They hope to obtain a majority which will enable them to remain in office for six years, and some of them are sanguine enough to believe that, like the Unionists since 1895, they will be in power for two successive Parliaments.

POLITICS BY POSTER: SOME CONSERVATIVE FIGHTING CARTOONS.

AN AWKWARD RELATIONSHIP



LITTLE JOHNNY WOULD COME.

BARNVILLE RAYLON



CHEERFUL DON'T!— AINT YOU THE **RADICAL PARTY?**
I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, COME INSIDE.

A HAPPY FAMILY.



HOPELESSLY LOST.



The Radical Babes in the Wood, and no way out of it.

IT REALLY IS A VERY PRETTY GARDEN.



SIGNOR CAMPBELL BANNERMAN: ORIGINAL RADICAL TROUPE OF PIERROTS.



WHAT AN OUTRAGE!



Rev. Siggins—What! your father wants you to learn the Church Catechism, in a school built by the Church of England? How dare he?



OH! HENRY WHERE DID YOU GET THAT CIGAR & WHY ARE YOU SMOKING IT?
YOU'LL CHOKE US ALL.
CAN'T HELP IT, REDMOND SAYS "I MUST SMOKE IT".

POLITICS BY POSTER: SOME LIBERAL FIGHTING CARTOONS.



SUPPLEMENTARY HONOURS: NEW PEERS AND PRIVY COUNCILLORS.



SIR W. H. WILLS, BART.
(Chairman Imperial Tobacco Company),
New Peer.



LORD REAY
(President of University College, London),
New Privy Councillor.



THE RT. HON. SIR A. D. HAYTER, BART.
(Chairman of Public Accounts Committee),
New Peer.



SIR JAMES JOICEY, BART.
(Great Colliery Owner),
New Peer.



MR. CHARLES H. WILSON
(Late M.P. for Hull), New Peer.



THE HON. P. J. STANHOPE
(Ex-M.P. for Market Harborough),
New Peer.



THE RT. HON. C. H. HEMPHILL
(M.P. for North Tyrone),
New Peer.



MR. R. K. CAUSTON (New P.C.).

Mr. Causton is Paymaster-General. The portraits in the border are those of other Privy Councillors: Mr. Ellis, Under-Secretary for India; Mr. Robertson, Secretary to the Admiralty; Mr. Shaw, Lord Advocate for Scotland; Mr. Burt, M.P. for Morpeth; Sir Walter Foster is President of the Land Law Reform Association; Mr. Labouchere is retiring from the representation of Northampton.



LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE
(Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs),
New Peer.



WOMEN IN THE ELECTION: WIVES OF PROMINENT LIBERALS.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.



MRS. ASQUITH,
Wife of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE COUNTESS CARRINGTON,
Wife of the President of the Board of Agriculture.

MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE,
Wife of the Home Secretary.

MRS. LEWIS HARCOURT,
Wife of the First Commissioner of Works.

LADY MARJORIE SINCLAIR,
Wife of the Secretary for Scotland.

The drawings are from photographs (named in order) by the Cameron Studios, Lafayette, Thomson, and the Cosway Studio.

LADIES' PAGE.

Fancy-dress balls are especially delightful to children, and, the fashion being set every year by the charming party at the Mansion House, thousands of young folks are just at this season anticipating with immense satisfaction dressing up in some pretty and novel guise. Many of the most charming dresses to see are the most commonplace. The nursery-rhyme costumes and the flower-frocks are amongst these. There is no difficulty in devising the details in either case. Little girls are easily made to look quaint as "Cinderella," "Red Riding-Hood," "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," or "Miss Muffet"; while the "Rose," with her skirts of pink muslin and her belt cut out like the calyx of the flower in green silk, and the berthe and



A SKATING COSTUME.

Equally suited for the ice and the rink is this natty gown in fancy tweed trimmed with strappings and buttons and finished with ermine.

skirt decorations of artificial roses; or the "Violet" constructed on similar simple lines, and so on, are adaptable to the complexion and general style of the respective youthful wearers. More original dresses, nevertheless, always have considerable success: where the gypsy or the flower-girl or the Italian peasant passes unnoticed in the crowd, "L'Entente Cordiale," "The Trafalgar Year," or "The General Election," or some other topical subject, cleverly thought out, will attract immediate admiration. The first-mentioned would combine the two national flags with a tri-coloured belt and a painted white satin front showing a British bluejacket and a French sailor shaking hands. The second will display the Union Jack, flanked by the pennants spelling out the famous signal, on a white skirt, with a naval jacket and epaulettes of the period. "The Election" wants a cardboard ballot-box for headdress, portraits of the rival leaders, the blue and buff in the colouring. The most successful of the costumes in which I have taken my little girls to the London Mansion House Ball was an exact reproduction of the Doctor of Science robes of London University—for those savants don a most becoming and striking gown—and some other similar robes are suitable. Some floral dresses are less commonplace than others, too; a fuchsia, carried out in the appropriate pinkish-red satin, with black lace made of the proper spiked design in a bell-like shape for sleeves and short overskirt, and a large imitation fuchsia on the head, is striking. Exact copies of famous picture-dresses are also good, and not difficult; Reynolds, Romney, Vandyke, or Sir Thomas Lawrence will supply excellent models.

The elders on such an occasion should not be much adorned; it is the children's hour. The popular material of the season, velvet, is an excellent background to the lighter and more flimsy and showy frocks of the children. Black is not too sombre, as it shows up the foreground tints, so to speak. Black chiffon in the Empire shape, with accordion-pleated skirt falling from a short corsage of drawn chiffon crossed with double bands of black satin, and similar crossway-laid folds and black satin bands to give substance at the feet, forms an effective quiet evening dress. Ivory satin also makes up excellently in this fashionable style. The heavier portion of an

Empire dress is always above the bust, and the skirt is kept as light as possible, as otherwise it is apt to drag a little out of shape, even on the first wearing. The Princess dress, on the other hand, is cut most wide and full below the waist-line, because it is there that the weight serves a useful purpose, keeping down the line to the figure about the waist. If this point be not borne in mind, the evening frocks in the respective styles will not wear satisfactorily. An Empire bodice may well be of coat-of-mail jet, or trimmed with a broad band of sequin passementerie. The Princess dress, if it is wanted to be much trimmed round the top, ought to have the heavy line of trimming set upon a distinct under-bodice of lining silk; but it is best to avoid any such heavy weight round the shoulders, and to finish the Princess design with lace, chiffon roses, hand-some motifs of lightly sequined embroidery, and the like.

The annual report of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, which has been lying on my table for some time, once more repeats the monotonous tale that every occupation in which women are engaged is overcrowded save in one direction, and that the one and only employment which is not overstocked is domestic service. The most deplorably over-supplied labour market of all, however, is that of the mere direction of housework. It is women who are strong enough and young enough to do the really hard labour of domestic work, and who are indifferent to the name of "service," who are not to be obtained; the poor, inefficient middle-aged women who want to be "housekeepers" are numerous. They are chiefly elderly daughters or widows who have all through their prime merely "looked after their homes," and on the death of the father or husband who made the home possible, have been thrown on the world untrained for anything else but domestic work, while unable or unwilling to do that on a business footing. These poor things are at once ashamed to be called "servants," and too old, too delicate in health, or not sufficiently trained to scrub, cook, run up and down stairs to answer the door and room bells, and to be continuously at the beck and call of the employers at all hours of the day, from early morn to bed-time; yet at the same time they know nothing of any other work except those very duties. Naturally, this is the class for which it is almost impossible to obtain remunerative employment. The applicants of this class to the Bureau for work—those described as wishing to be "Housekeepers, Matrons, and Companions" in the report—numbered 802, but applications for the services of such persons were only 106 in number. The next class into which such victims of our social customs fall is that of untrained needlewomen. There is plenty of employment to be had for efficient workers with the needle, though at low rates of payment; but the standard of competence is higher than that of the home in which these untrained, middle-aged women have worked merely for their families and at their own pleasure; hence, the Bureau found but 19 first-class needleworkers out of 60 applicants, while there were 54 employers who desired to obtain first-class workers. Surely parents who do not want to part with their daughters' services from home might at least enable them to become competent to do serious good work as needlewomen, dressmakers, or upholsteresses, and so far prepare them against the evil day when they may be thrown on their own resources.

In every other class of occupation tabulated, except domestic service, the tale is the same—the supply of women workers far outnumbers the demand. Only forty-five employers asked for teachers, and 216 offered their services; 104 employers wanted clerks or secretaries, while 593 workers asked for such employment; and finally on the list there comes the wide heading of "Others," women who wanted any vague kind of work, some miscellaneous task or another by which they could earn bread—and these numbered all but a thousand, while but a few more than a hundred were asked for of such workers—988 applicants and 129 employers! The practical conclusion of the Committee is that "the occupations of women are too limited, and all who are interested should assist to extend the openings for women." Yet the tendency of the hour is rather to contract the occupations open to women. Sometimes it is by mistaken kindness, such as the attempt of the temperance ladies to turn the thousands of barmaids out of their employment; sometimes it is through legislation, such as that about laundries, which has almost shut up the small home workshops wherein many a poor elderly widow woman till recently could manage to make a livelihood. Cruel hardship is caused by this; and the women turned out of such work are neither strong enough nor in other ways suited to go into domestic service, as a rule.

At the same time, it is quite natural that the public should resent appeals to find other work for women while domestic service is not merely understaffed—that is too mild a description of the state of the labour-market in this direction—but actually is crying aloud for more workers. There are countless homes in the land where the domestic hard labour that would willingly be paid for has to be scrambled through by the mother of the family, with the aid of a charwoman, this latter being a poor married woman, who, because of her home ties, has no choice as to her occupation and but little skill in her performance as a domestic. The employer desires to employ, and could and would pay good wages to, a skilled residential servant, but there are not the skilled and settled domestic workers to be found. I know that there is to some extent the same difficulty with men's hard and unattractive labour. Farmers have to depend on casual labourers, and often find it very difficult to obtain enough even of that poor assistance; gardening firms who require the services of capable and industrious men to do regular jobbing work for their customers cannot obtain a sufficient supply, and so on. The world is full of shirkers; but for honest labourers, so far as I have seen, there is more than enough work. Socialists have never yet even attempted to face clearly

the difficulty of settling how, under Socialism, workers are to be selected to do the less desirable tasks of the world. Yet those tasks must be performed. In an individualist community, hard necessity forces the less fortunate into the positions for which there is least liking; but with every new opening, the difficulty of getting workers for the less desired work increases, and now we must unwillingly face the fact that working women do find domestic service undesirable.

The reason why they do so is another matter; even whether they judge rightly in their own interests in refusing to go to service if they can avoid doing it is another matter. The important fact is obvious—they *do* so judge! Girls will not go to service if other work presents itself in a very great proportion of cases. The more other work that is open, therefore, to the choice of young women, the more impossible it becomes to get decently behaved and fairly competent servants. The girls who made our predecessors' servants are now employed in all sorts of other ways. Dozens of those who at present seek places as clerks are robust, illiterate, and essentially un intellectual girls whom Nature intended for physical and not mental labour; but they, in their free-will, mean to be clerks instead of housemaids. Many a poor success as an elementary-school teacher would have been a superior cook in past times. Salvation Army "captains," trained nurses, steam-laundry workers, each of the thousands of women at such sort of work now, represents a changed state of society. It may be a good thing for society that elderly women, when thrown on their own resources, can no longer earn a livelihood as dame-school teachers, sick nurses and midwives, small home laundrywomen, etc.; but, at any rate, the laws and customs that have driven the elderly widows out of these and other such occupations have, in doing so, at one and the same time flung them on public charity and called younger women from the domestic labour field to fill those other occupations. To expect the mistresses of households, the burdened mothers of families, who cannot find girls to work for them for good wages, to rejoice in, even to aid, the ever-spreading circle of new occupations that prevents young women from having to go into domestic work is too much like seething the kid in its mother's milk!

With the New Year comes the looked-for sale at Messrs. Walpole Brothers' Linen House, 89 and 90, New



A GRACEFUL AFTERNOON GOWN.

Fine face-cloth is here seen trimmed with handsome embroidery. A corselet effect is given to the corsage by the flat band from the skirt carried up to the bust.

Bond Street. A large reduction is made in prices for these bi-annual sales by Messrs. Walpole, as they are the actual manufacturers, and desire to clear off their surplus production, even at a sacrifice, to keep their looms at work in Ireland. The firm have the advantage of being, at one time, themselves both the producers and retailers, so that there is no middle profit to pay, and this is obviously to the customer's benefit. Table-cloths and serviettes, household linen (including some exquisitely embroidered and lace bedspreads), cushions, handkerchiefs, and ladies' underclothing, are all depicted most attractively and at remarkably low prices in the sale catalogue, which will be sent on application.—FILOMENA.

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The Grand Hotel is of that modern style of architecture usually adopted for hotel purposes, which admits of every inch being devoted to some good use, and at the same time affords abundant



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Hotel,
St. Moritz,
from the
Lake.

lounge and billiard-room, with its English and French tables, face S.W.

An important feature in the new hotel is the convenient and rapid arrangement of electric lifts, which are so planned as to deposit visitors on a level with the ice-rink in under half a minute from the highest floor. The upper storeys, in their south aspect, are furnished with commodious verandahs, and every facility is offered for the "sun-cure" treatment.

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THE DRAWING-ROOM, GRAND HOTEL, ST. MORITZ.



THE VESTIBULE, GRAND HOTEL, ST. MORITZ.

scope for an elegant exterior. The structure is built entirely on a foundation of solid rock, and from the central hall—100 feet by 50 feet—two massive fire-proof staircases of marble ascend to the sixth storey. An attractive feature of the hotel is the imposing

terrace, which extends along the entire width of the south side, on a level with the ground floor, and to which direct access is had from the commodious restaurant facing S. and S.E. The grand vestibule and drawing-room face due south; while the smoking-

all the privacy of a flat. In these suites will be included private bath-rooms. In short, it is the object of the Grand Hotel Company to provide a high-class family hotel, replete with every modern luxury and improvement, for the reception of the most fastidious travellers.

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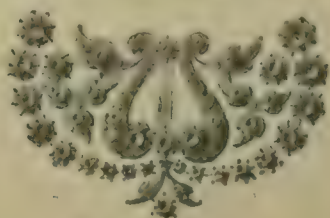
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MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.—*Hamlet*.

TO a certain type of mind—the pedant's probably, but that is neither here nor there—nothing is more teasing than the quotation that refuses to locate itself. To some it is torture even to monomania. There is a story, for the truth of which the present writer would vouch before the *Vehmgericht*, of an eminent scholar who went for days seeking chapter and verse for the line

For Nature brings
not back the
Mastodon.

The inquirer's memory for tags was awful in its completeness, but here it had just failed. Try as he would, he could not set the verse in its place, and at last his agony became so acute that he humbled himself and began a weary search among his books. They yielded nothing, and when he hinted his sorrows to his friends and acquaintances—more or less, usually less, erudite than himself—they could not or would not help him. But at length there came a moment when he burst in like a whirlwind upon a party of convivial spirits, half of whom understood,

while the rest stared. The apparition stood in the doorway wagging a lean finger at the host—

For Nature brings not back the Mastodon, he declaimed solemnly. Then he added, in the style of a footnote—

"Tennyson. 'Morte d'Arthur.' Introduction. Just

recalling the parable of the lost piece of silver; those who did not understand continued to stare, and are probably doing so still, whenever they remember the scene.

This piece of ancient academic history was suggested by a laudable enough desire to make an accurate reference to a passage in Scott apropos of the New Year. The remark is scarcely profound—is, in fact, a sort of general denial of the significance of New Year's Day, whence the Wizard passes to the truism that every day is a new year's day. Had the line discovered itself easily, it would very likely have been ruled out of court as too trite for notice. But it became important by its very elusiveness. Surely it occurs in "The Fortunes of Nigel"? It must be appropriate to the wisdom of David Ramsay, watchmaker. But the place remained obstinately hidden. Unluckily I had not by me the edition in which I first read the novel, so that local memory (the foot of a page, right hand) stood me in no stead. With frequent defeat came doubt. Now, was it in "Nigel" or in "Quentin Durward," some remark of the astrologer Galeotti Marti perhaps? But here the quest fared no better. Finally came Satan,



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found it, reading in the Camera." A look of great and solemn peace swept over his face; the door banged, and he was gone into the night. The host made no explanations to his guests. Those who understood rejoiced,

in no stead. With frequent defeat came doubt. Now, was it in "Nigel" or in "Quentin Durward," some remark of the astrologer Galeotti Marti perhaps? But here the quest fared no better. Finally came Satan,

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saying, "Why so nice, Sir Pedant?—let it rip. You can write a column about the New Year well enough without it. See, you are more than half way down the page already and you have hardly mentioned your theme. That is as it should be." And with the Serpent's flattery came, as ever, the fall. The very transparent subtlety may occur anywhere from "Waverley" to the "Surgeon's Daughter" and "Castle Dangerous." For me it



A CORAL-LIKE STALAGMITE IN THE GIANT'S CAVE NEAR TRIESTE.

The cave is very rich in magnificent stalactite and stalagmite formations. It has a great dome rising to a height of 138 yards, and the cavern measures 130 yards by 240.

remains unverified, lest a charming illusion should be dispelled. But if driven to it, and very much left to myself, I should still bet on "The Fortunes of Nigel." Some day, when it is not wanted, it will come to light. But I promise not to burst in on any convivial gathering to proclaim the triumph. The discovery shall go unrecorded even in this place, unless, indeed, some benevolent person sends me the reference, in which case courtesy will call for acknowledgment.

Among the endless claims on our sympathy at this season, none is more poignant than the case of our Mastodon hunter, who by some earth-tremor known, perhaps, to Professor Milne, but hidden from the rest of mankind, has begun the year amid a deluge of plaster. Let not the rash scoffer imagine that the poor man is merely another victim of the suburban jerry-builder. He dwells not in the wilds, where such things happen automatically to people who deserve no better; but none the less not one but two of his ceilings have come down about his ears. One might have been endured, but two! An imaginative householder could only look with trembling for the fall of the third, and conclude that when Horace boasted that the collapse of the world would leave him undismayed he did not know what he was talking about. The same poet assures us, by-the-by, rather smugly, that his ceilings are not resplendent with ivory and gold. They were substantial, at any rate, or the vainglorious lines about a ruined world would not have been written. To return, however, to our sufferer. Unwisely, he sought for a cause of his misfortune, and was beset with a nightmare of a honeycombed London. He saw Tube added to Tube for the convenience of wayfarers, until at last London stood on the frailest shell, of which let the balance be upset at one point, and the rest would be as Charing Cross Station, or as St. Martin's Lane during last week's deluge. Some stray disturbance of forces had sought out the weakness of his ceilings. It was the beginning of the end. He sat down to write to the *Times*. But another theory surprised him as he seized his pen. What if Nature, that belies poets, had indeed brought back the Mastodon, and the wreck of his dwelling was but the seismographic record of a stamp of the monster's foot five thousand miles away? So he dismissed the *Times* and wrote instead to the *Spectator*, and to Professor Milne in the Isle of Wight. But for the General Election, the theme might have evolved a lively New Year's correspondence.

J. D. SYMON.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A SUM of nearly £7000 has already been promised or subscribed towards the £20,000 needed for the restoration of the fabric of Winchester Cathedral. The money is especially required for the repair of the east end, at which there has been a dangerous subsidence. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have given £2000.

Canon Pennefather, Vicar of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, has agreed to stand in the place of the Dean of Carlisle for the Archdeaconry of Middlesex, in conjunction with Dr. Robinson. Prebendary Eardley-Wilmot, Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington, is acting as honorary secretary of Canon Pennefather's Committee.

The Rev. H. R. Gamble, who has been appointed by the Bishop of London as Rural Dean of Chelsea, is one of the ablest and most popular of the West London clergy. He began his career as curate to Canon

Duckworth at St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, and his first benefice was St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. Mr. Gamble's high reputation as a preacher draws large congregations to Holy Trinity, Chelsea.

It is not generally known, I believe, that the first sermon preached by the Bishop of London was preached on the text, "Be ye followers of God, as dear children." It was delivered on the Third Sunday in Lent, 1884, at



A WONDERFUL PILLAR IN THE GIANT'S CAVE AT TRIESTE.

The stalagmite pillar is about 36 feet high. The cave belongs to the Trieste Tourist Club, and is now being made accessible to the public.

St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, where the Bishop was a curate for more than a year.

The Bishop of London usually takes the first fortnight in January as a holiday, and has been accustomed for years to spend the time at Bournemouth with his mother and sisters. Golf is his favourite recreation, and he also goes for long drives and walks. Before leaving Bournemouth he preaches or addresses a public meeting on behalf of the East London Church Fund.

V.

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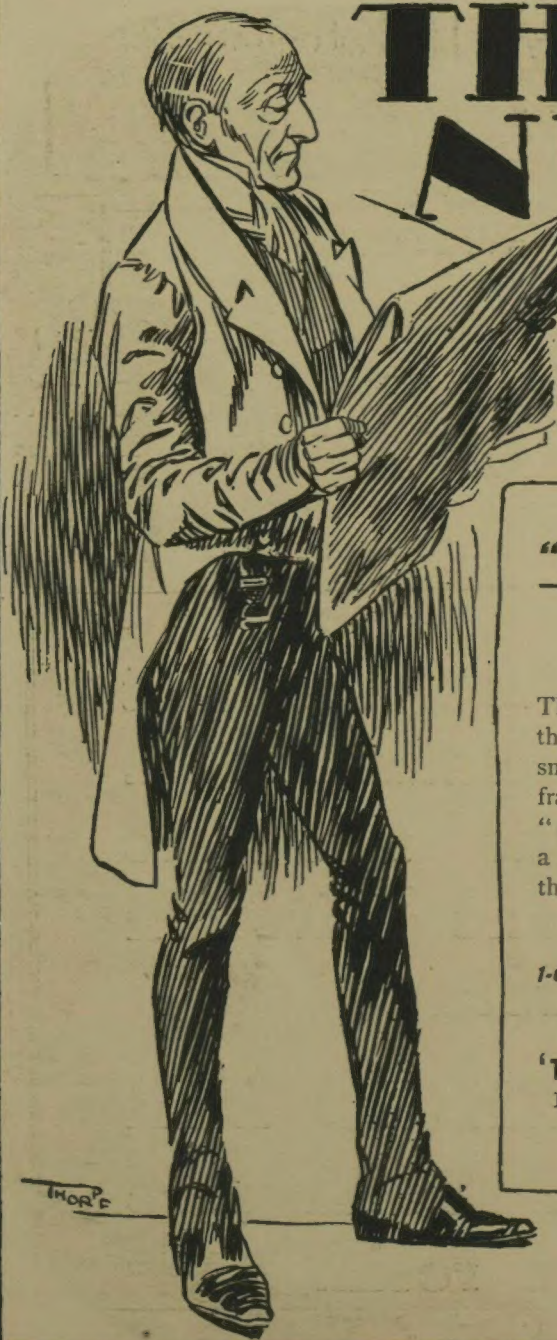
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MUSIC.

THERE are times when music takes holiday, and then the voice of the reformer is heard in the land. In the past week, for example, the suggestion that the country needs a State-aided opera-house has been brought forward once more, with a measure of seriousness that seems scarcely necessary. Just as drama is said to cry aloud for a State-aided theatre, at which, one presumes, unpopular plays would be performed for the benefit of a few enthusiasts, so a State-aided opera-house would be hailed with delight by many whose ideas of music are seldom flattered nowadays. One of the shining lights of the Paris Opera-House, M. Gailhard, whose lesseeship has been renewed for a year, has been explaining to an interviewer that Great Britain holds all the material for a national opera, and has cited several gentlemen, for whose work we have a proper measure of admiration, as men well able to supply a State-aided opera-house with home-made works. This point of view is one we cannot share, perhaps because we have a vivid recollection of certain operas written by British composers who were famous in their day, and are forced to believe that in these years, at any rate, the symphony and sonata form, together with the oratorio, offer our leading musicians the medium best suited to their gifts. The British public has never failed to have the opera it deserves. Since the days when Piccinni was composing against Gluck in Paris, opera, reformed, strengthened, and made intelligible, has flourished best beyond these shores, and if there are people who believe that English opera needs nothing more than a home and an opportunity, let them consider the case of a certain beautiful house in Cambridge Circus that is now content with such modest artistic triumphs as come to a music-hall. Before we have a State-aided opera-house to produce the works of British composers, it is at least fair to ask the British composers to create the works. Nowadays, too, the market for opera is open to one and all, and if a

British composer produced a work of more than ordinary merit, it would have a fair chance of production at several Continental opera-houses. Truth to tell, in Great Britain opera is still rather in the nature of an exotic. Imported works can flourish in the stimulating atmosphere of Covent Garden, but the general public forces native musicians to write rubbish, and few men will take the trouble to be serious when, in return for composing stuff that is pretty and ephemeral, they may draw an income from royalties that a Lord Chancellor might envy. Indeed, if a man set out to write grand opera, it is more than likely that his sense of self-sacrifice and righteousness would be reflected in some very dull and terribly correct music. We seem to have heard something of the sort.

The New Year opened with two important concerts, for Mr. Henry Wood's orchestra played at the Queen's Hall in the afternoon, and the Royal Choral Society gave Handel's "Messiah" at the Albert Hall in the evening. Mr. Wood's programme was interesting and varied enough, including work by Wagner, Schubert, Bach, Beethoven, Grieg, and Tchaikowsky, but we would venture to suggest that it would have been no bad idea to include one item from the pen of a British composer in the "New Year's Day Concert." Starting off with "The Entrance of the Gods into Walhalla," in which parts of both the brass and wood-wind sections of the orchestra were not at their best, Mr. Wood obtained very fine renderings of the "Trauermarsch" and the "Tannhäuser" overture, finishing this last with the Pilgrims' Chorus, instead of the Venusberg music.

The performance at the Albert Hall, under Sir Frederick Bridge, was not up to the high average standard of the Royal Choral Society's work. There were too many cuts, and there were moments when passages of supreme interest threatened to become insignificant. Mr. Ffrangcon Davies and Mr. John Coates were heard at their best, and this is high praise for such distinguished artists, but Madame Clara Butt was suffering from a cold, and was forced to claim the indulgence of her audience.

ART NOTES.

THE Old Masters hold less than their usual sway this year at the Burlington House Winter Exhibition. A small room is devoted to drawings by Watts, another room to the English Pre-Raphaelites, and in another Colin Hunter, George Boughton, Frederick Goodall, and others are assigned by circumstance a place. At a moment when the origin of Pre-Raphaelitism is a vexed question, the opportunity of viewing Rossetti, the early Millais, and Burne-Jones is as timely as it is welcome. Here are works of Burne-Jones's most interesting period—of those middle 'sixties when he painted with all the ardour of his genius. Rossetti was still a great influence, but not a too predominating one; nor was Burne-Jones's tiresome style so masterful as to impoverish his work of his master's glamour. But there is a lovely grace of simplicity in some of the figures which is by no means a derived one. Rossetti's "The Beloved, or the Bride," is a fine example of one who never utterly overcame the difficulties of the palette, but whose greatness was never hidden by his disabilities.

Simeon Solomon is represented by several oil pictures and by many drawings, but the Academy has secured nothing of such absolute merit as he occasionally achieved. His genius was eminently erratic, but his inspiration was infrequent. It is a pity there is no excellent example here; and it has been ill-judged to dot the wall on which his inferior drawings hang with the richer water-colours of Rossetti.

The real masterpieces of the collection are, of course, of earlier date. A splendid Gainsborough and an important Franz Hals are supreme; while many lesser Gainsboroughs, many great Sir Joshuas, and Romneys, Hoppners, and Raeburns not a few, go to make a good exhibition. This is all the more agreeable to say because this year it is entirely English in its associations. The foreign artists, with few exceptions, all worked in

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this country. No doubt the Council of the Royal Academy, after the manner of humbler associations, regards with a less and less friendly eye the art of the alien.

It is a little unlucky, therefore, that the picture we approach with the most wonder, and recur to with the greatest satisfaction, is the Franz Hals. It is, at any rate, the property of an Englishman—Colonel Warde, and it covers a large canvas with the portraits of the painter and his family. It is a "discovery"; it has no pedigree; nor does it need any. Every stroke is the autograph of the Dutchman whose work is just now the greatest object of the desire of the Bond Street dealer. Extraordinary is the vivacity which runs through so large a work; it dazzles us in each one of the five life-size figures. The background of sky, uninteresting and close in technique, offers a contrast to the free and broad manner of the portraits; it is evident that Franz Hals, unlike another master, did not think his backgrounds too important to leave to inferior hands. The glove and the fan, those favourite accessories of all painters from Velasquez to Sargent, have rarely if ever been touched in with greater skill than is displayed here.—W. M.

The fire which broke out on Friday evening last at the Odol Chemical Works, in Southwark Bridge Road, London, will not, we are informed, in any way interfere with the regular output of Odol, or Formawn, the new cure for catarrh, which is manufactured in the same building. We are asked by the Odol Chemical Company to state that George Harwood, the man who lost his life at the fire, was not in any way connected with the firm. All the employés had left the premises before the outbreak occurred.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated April 18, 1900) of MR. FREDERICK BOWER, of Broomfield Hall, Sunningdale, Berks, who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Dec. 14 by Alfred Ashworth, Egbert Iveson, and Arthur Neville Stephens, the value of the real and personal estate being £558,361. The testator gives £500 each to the Cancer Hospital and the Lock Hospital; £400 to his son Francis Alan; £250 each to his executors Alfred Ashworth and Egbert Iveson; £100 and the income from £10,000 Railway Stock to his housekeeper, Caroline Mary Jennings; and £100 to Mark Young. One-fifth of the residue of his property he leaves in trust for his son; one-fifth each in trust for his daughters Edith Alice Ashworth and Agnes Bertha Iveson; and two-fifths in trust for his grandson Philip Henry Ashworth.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1905) of MR. PETER STUBS, of Blaisdon Hall, Blaisdon, Gloucester, has been proved by Robert Frost and Colin MacIver, the value of the estate amounting to £452,729. The testator gives £600 to Robert Frost; £100 per annum to Ann Robinson; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Helen MacIver, for life, then to her husband for his life, and then as she shall appoint to their children.

The will (dated June 7, 1899), with three codicils, of MR. CHARLES JAMES SPENCE, of South Preston Lodge, North Shields, banker, who died on Oct. 8, has been proved by his sons, Robert Spence and Philip Spence, the value of the estate being £209,240. The testator gives the original manuscript of George Fox's Journal to his son Robert; his collection of coins and autographs

to his son Philip and his daughter Sarah; £500 to his gardener, Samuel Dix; and £100 per annum to Elizabeth Clibborn. The residue of his property he leaves upon various trusts for his wife and children.

The will (dated Nov. 5, 1902) of MR. GEORGE HARRIS HAYWOOD, of 95, Upper Thames Street, E.C., who died on Nov. 23, was proved on Dec. 21 by Edward Holroyde Haywood and Ronald Ernest Haywood, the sons, the value of the property being £112,017. The testator gives his shares in Yates, Haywood and Co. and the Rotherham Foundry Company to his sons; and £500 and during her widowhood £700 per annum and the use of his residence, or an annuity of £200 should she again marry, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves to his five children.

The will (dated July 20, 1904) of SIR EDWARD HAMER CARBUTT, 1st BART., of 19, Hyde Park Gardens, and Nanhurst, Cranleigh, Surrey, who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Dec. 23 by Dame Mary Carbitt, the widow, the value of the real and personal estate being £103,192. The testator gives everything he shall die possessed of to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 14, 1903), with a codicil, of MR. JOSEF POLITZER, of 35, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead, and 35, Queen Street, E.C., who died on Oct. 8, was proved on Dec. 12 by Mrs. Margaret Politzer, the widow, Siegmund Politzer, the brother, and Frederick William Englefield, the value of the estate being £89,960. The testator gives £200 each to his sisters, Julia Balint, Caroline Ackerman, Ida Stern, Marie Hegedus, Emma Lowry, and Wilhelmina Kahn; £300 to his wife; £50 each to six nephews and nieces; and legacies to persons in his employ. All other his estate and effects he leaves, in trust, for his wife for life, and then for his children.

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